Proud to Support our Local Farms

4 – Acre Farm
Barton, Vermont
seasonal vegetables

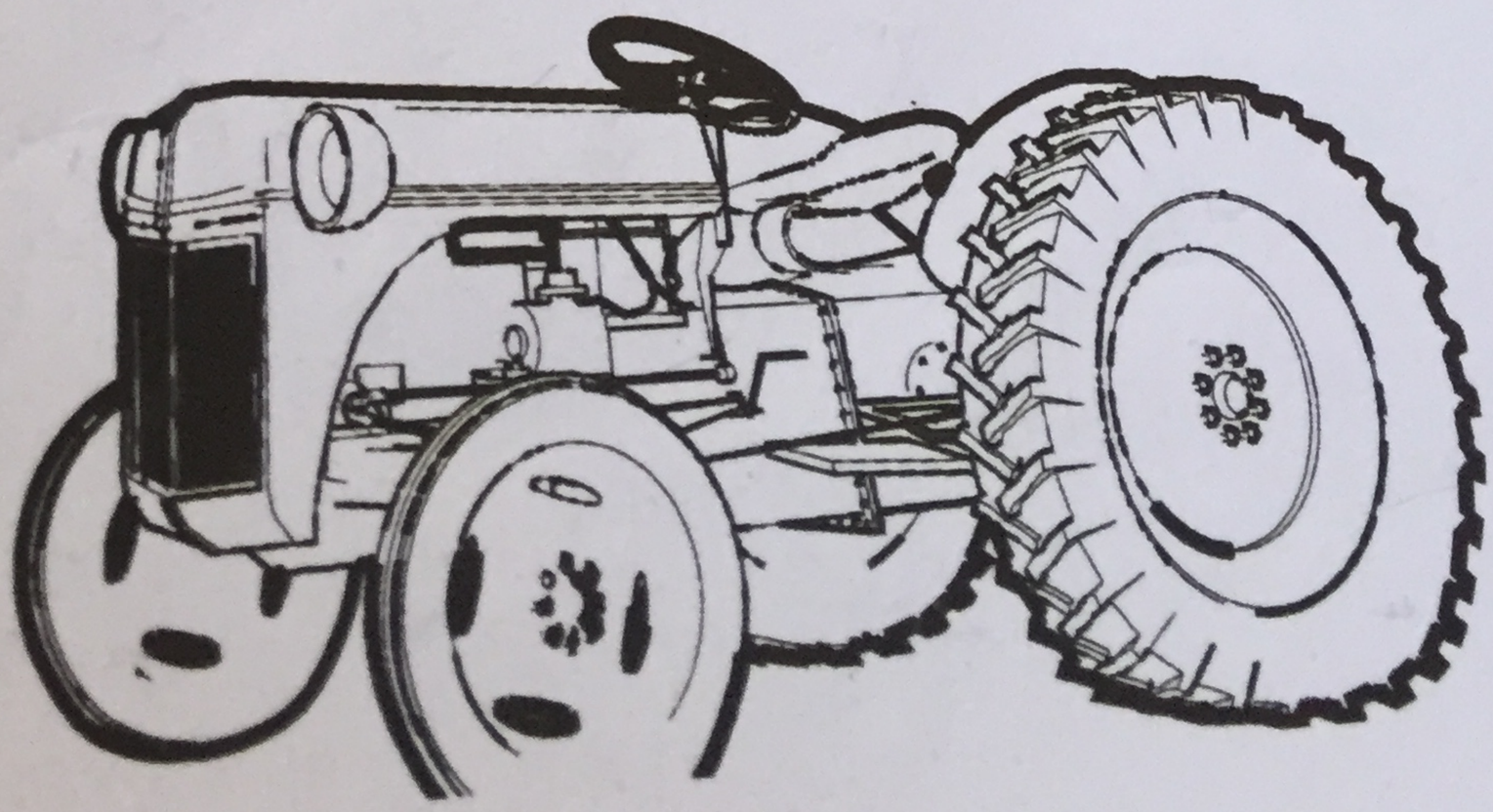
Cabot Creamery
Cabot, Vermont
cheddar and cottage cheeses - butter

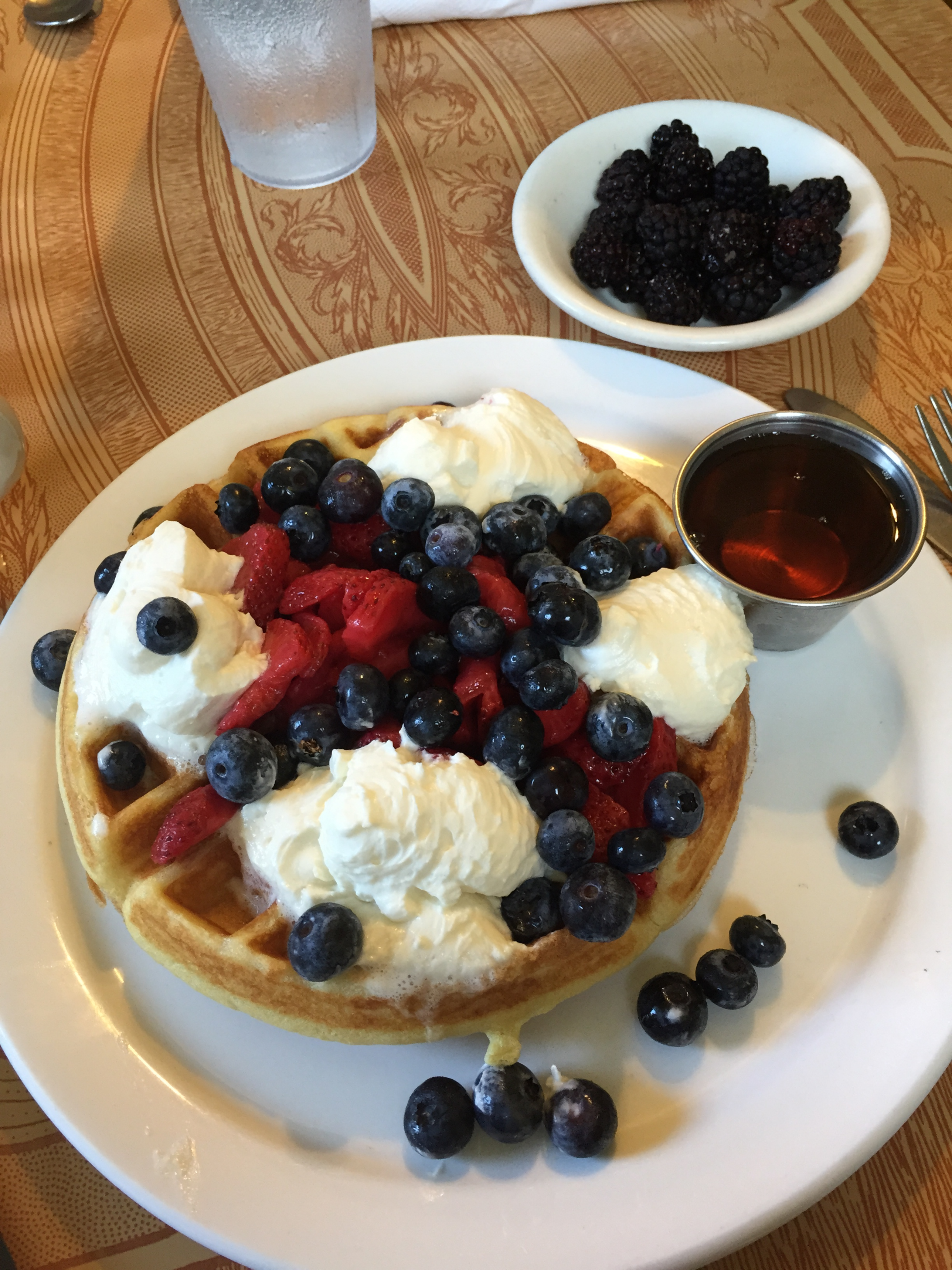
Monroe's Sugaring
Steve Monroe, Barton, Vermont
maple syrup

Spring Hill Angus
Bob Butterfield, Orleans, Vermont
beefalo and angus meats

Kruszyna Berry Farm
Richard and Connie Kruszyna, Barton, Vermont
blueberries

"Whenever we cook we become practical chemists, drawing on the accumulated knowledge
generations, and transforming what the Earth offers us into more concentrated forms of ple
and nourishment." - *Harold McGee*





Margaret Kaufman

Old Quilts

You come upon them sometimes
folded away into trunks lined with paper,
fragile and dry as blue hydrangea,
or you find them stuffed in a wad
at the base of a wardrobe, old quilts,
color reduced to an idea, stained
with love or death,
nothing that can be rubbed away.

They appear as interstitial tissue
linking us to someone else's labor.
Sometimes, whole pieces fall away
no matter how carefully you take them up—
they shred into nothing, leaving thin ribbons,
a ribbon, a space, a nothing,
as if, in serious conversation, the other
falls silent, leaves it up to you.

And you could, in a dark mood, say
that's all any of it comes to,
shreds, fluff, fragments,
but that is not the mood that connects
not what makes you spread the quilts to light
when you find them cast away.

You hesitate before brooming spiders' webs,
you save old letters, pin up children's crayon
drawings, lay out the best silver every day.
Beauty lies not only in the making of a thing
but in its use, not in its preservation
but in its wearing down.

12/140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RC121510
ACID FREE


Gaylord
Gaylord.com
RC121510
ACID FREE
AUTUMN
VANDERCOOK

Whatever evaluation we make of a particular stretch of land, no matter how accurate or profound, it finally proves inadequate. The land retains an identity of its own, still deeper and more subtle than we can know. Our obligation toward it then becomes simple: to approach with an uncalculating mind, with an attitude of regard. To try to sense the range and variety of its expression—its weather and colors and animals. To intend from the beginning to preserve some of the mystery within it as a kind of wisdom to be experienced, not questioned. And to be alert for its openings, for that moment when something sacred reveals itself within the mundane, and you know the land knows you are there.

Barry Lopez

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Barry Lopez

IT IS

AMAZING

WHAT YOU CAN

ACCOMPLISH

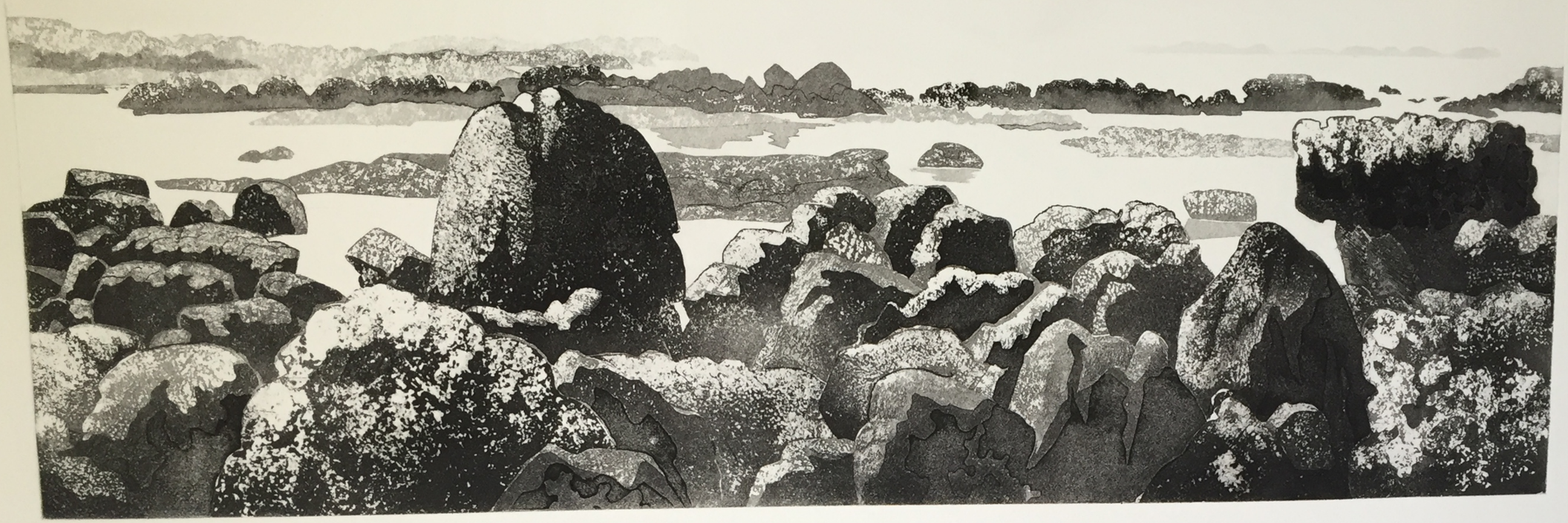
IF YOU DO NOT

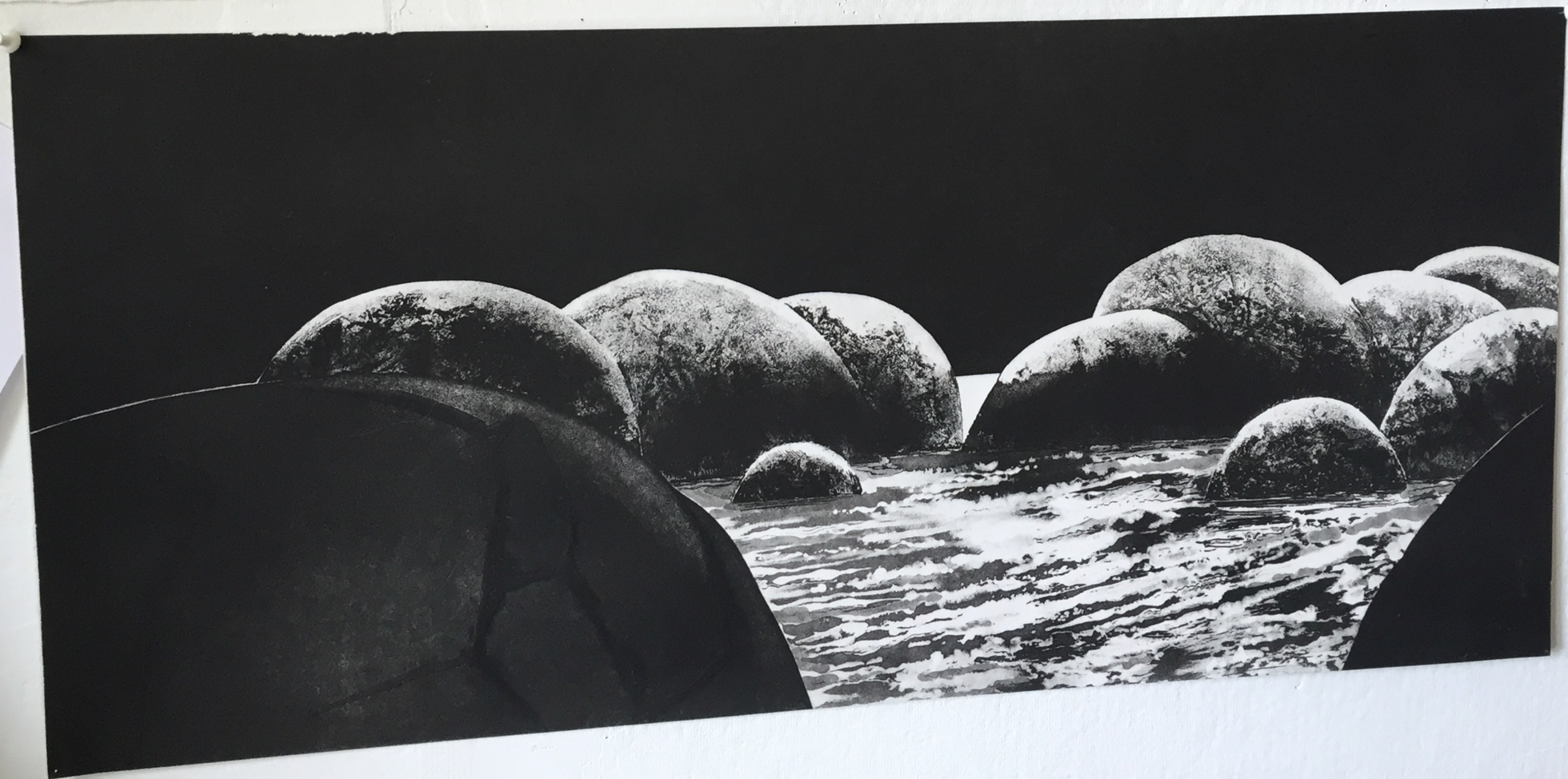
CARE

WHO GETS THE

CREDIT

The Rare Book School Valentine's Day Thought for 2007





At the top of their voices,
a proclamation of lilies
in the tall glass vase
on my table,
when I wake this
morning.

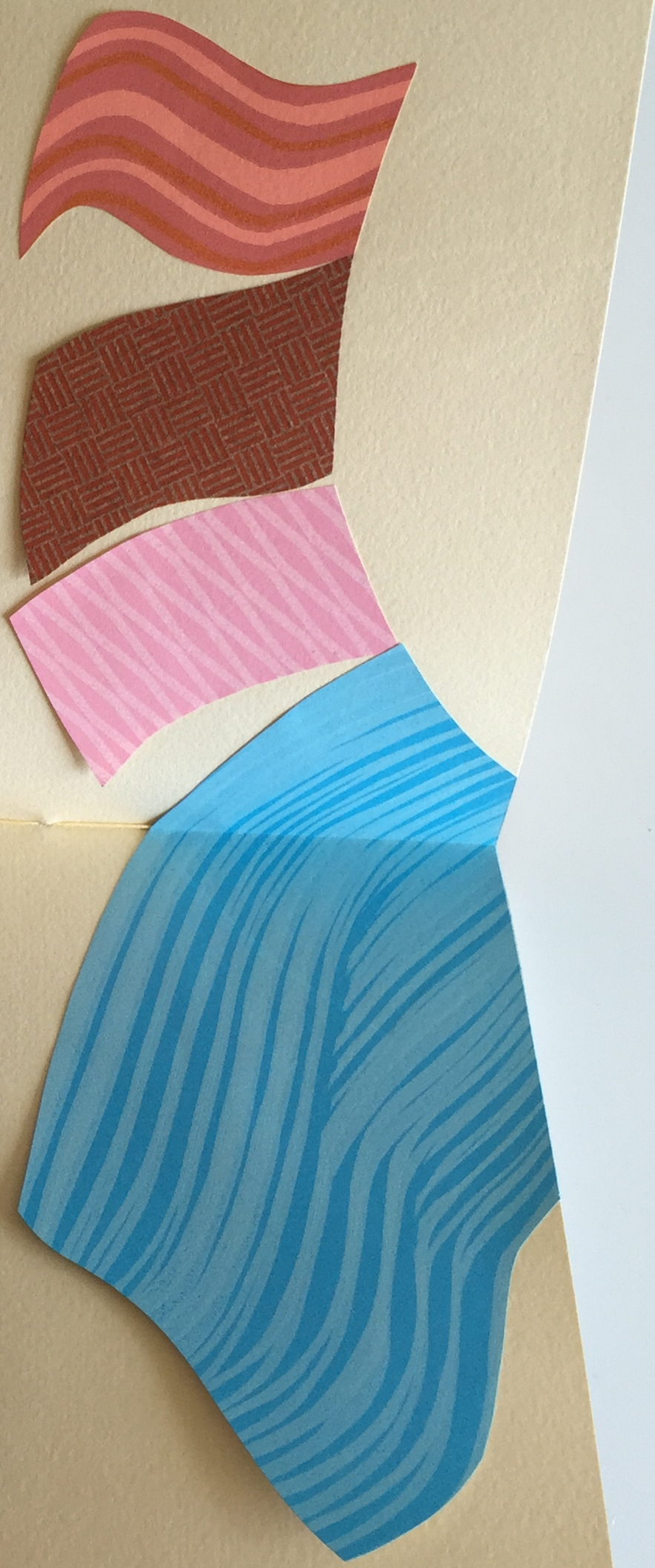
Outside the library,
whorls of dry
autumn leaves
the rustle of
paper.

Sunshower.
On my face
a sprinkle of rain:
the staccato
of cicadas.

I am consoled by rows of cabbages

A face appears
at the window; a woman
holding a broom stops
stares out between
the flower pots.
On the window sill,
a black cat sleeps
in the sun. A line
of patterned towels
flap like banners in
pink and orange brown.
Who is coming to town?
A bright blue duvet cover
billows out against
the terracotta. Later,
I will try to make our
own washing as decorative
as possible. Beneath
the parapet arc rows of
cabbages; tomatoes staked
neatly with long bamboo poles.
Leaves fall, feathers: voiced,
unvoiced, settle on the stone.
I watch the slow swing
of a bell ringing, hitting
the sound; each interval
longer; almost an
afterthought, that last
silence.

Perugia



Yellow wax crayon,
forgotten
in the golden
Gingko leaves.

Via Dolorosa

Tonight, three dark angels
brood like the holy dove
outstretched over my life
(Genesis, Milton): doubt,
to teach me that truly
thou art the hidden God
(Isaiah, Lorca), and fear,
that therein lies my courage;
the last, darker still (only
myself), whose is that gilded
wing? I climb the hill past
vineyard and olive grove
into the outer
courtyard. The date
on the wall is 1499:
St Francis del morte
in the late afternoon.
At the window a white
net curtain is caught
by the wind. A hand
reaches out and draws it in.

Perugia

Dappled
shadows.
Tiger lurking?
A thrush flicks
the old leaves.

Via Dolorosa

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outstretched over my life

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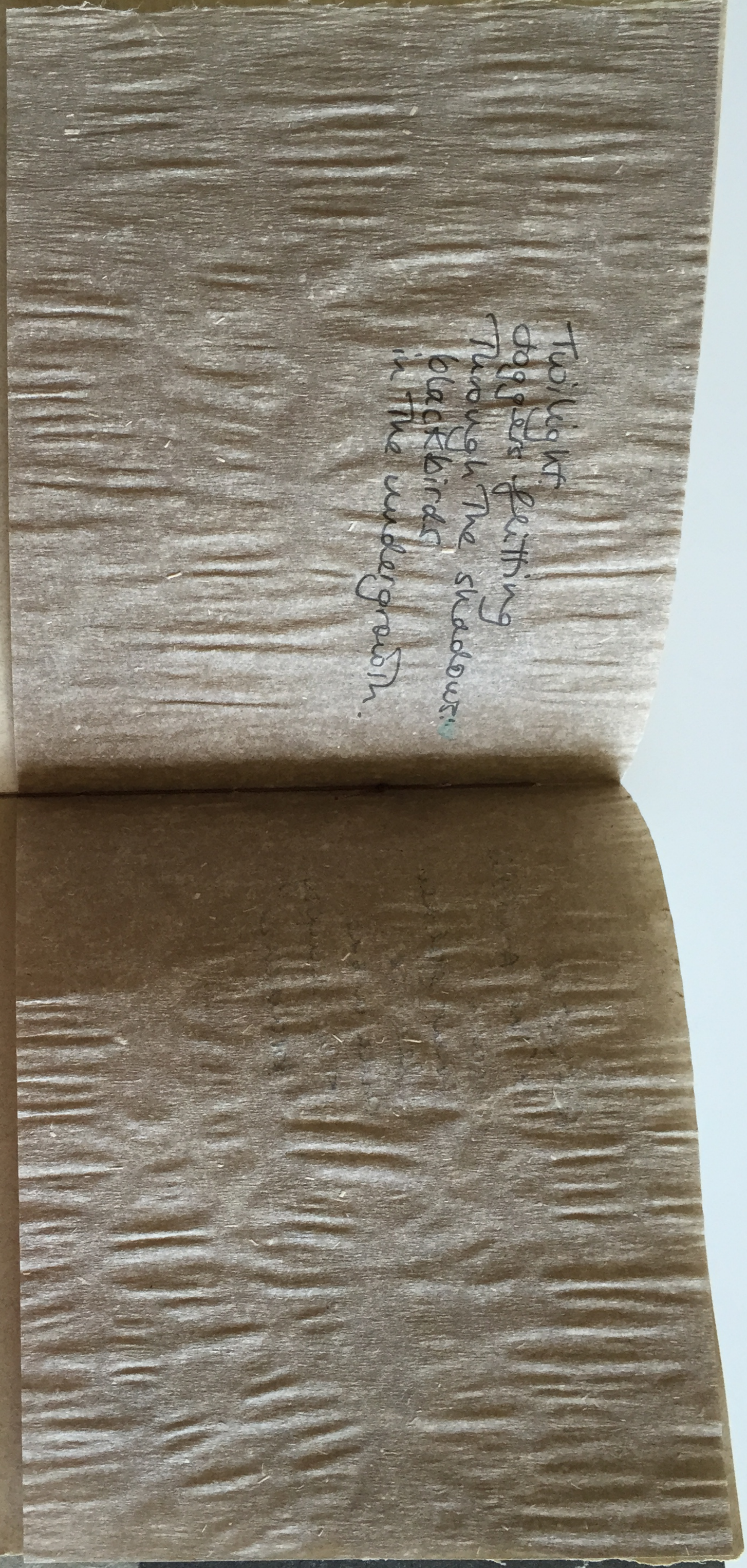

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At the window a white

net curtain is caught

by the wind. A hand

reaches out and draws it in.

Perugia

Eye feathers
shimmer
along the wet
tarseal:
cars moulting oil.

I do not want to be your

mistress, I decided. No, I didn`t

say it. That was definitely too

hard. I wrote it and sent it to

you with a courier. And then

I walked in the rain to my hairdresser

and she dyed my hair with streaks of

brilliant blue. 'Pure Renaissance',

she exclaimed and clasped her hands.

Is it fashion or am I repeating

history? A writer researching

the life of a model of Manet's

dyed her hair red to suit the

occasion. I have chosen a brooch

to wear that I'd forgotten

I'd bought by the Arno of

a tiny white mask with flowing

gold-tipped blue hair. Am I

watching my life unfold?

You ring me. I am not convinced.

I pass a man walking in the park

this morning wearing faded blue pyjamas

and a dressing-gown; walk man!

talking to himself or learning a

foreign language. He knows

not to walk in his slippers across

the muddy ground; he strides

down the middle of the road.

He has left the hospital.

In the rain, how the blue is heavenly.

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the muddy ground; he strides

down the middle of the road.

He has left the hospital.

In the rain, how the blue is heavenly.

Where are you?
Raindrops
repeating
a pattern
of circles.

Get in line!
Mountain daisy,
snow totara,
icy Whakapapanui
stream.

(Ruapehu)

I turned. As you do
when someone in sight
is thinking about you
particularly.
There was no-one.
What did catch my eye
was a 5-petalled flower:
red, yellow and blue.
'Look at me, human',
it was shouting.
'Aren't I wonderful!'

Bråket av trafikken
blir borte
i stillheten
av et blad
som langsomt
faller.

(The traffic noise
fades
in the slow
falling
of a leaf.)

IT
WASN'T
LIKE
THAT

OH, I
THINK
IT
WAS

ISBN 978-0-9792834-3-4

Three poems; *I am consoled by rows of cabbages*, *I do not want to be your...etc* and *Via Dolorosa* appeared previously in *Heavenly Blue* published by Poets Group in Christchurch New Zealand in 2002
The type is Helvetica and Bodoni with the small poems written in the author's hand which were scanned by Ellen Dorn Levitt and printed letterpress from polymer plates at The Janus Press
The papers are from Barcham Green, St Armand and Japanese Kozo with the cover by Katie MacGregor and Nancy Leavitt. Some images were printed on an Epson NX515 digital printer using Durabright inks
The binding was executed by Audrey Holden
The edition is one hundred and fifty of which this is

for Audrey Holden

Judith Haswell

IT WAS LIKE THAT

JUDITH HASWELL

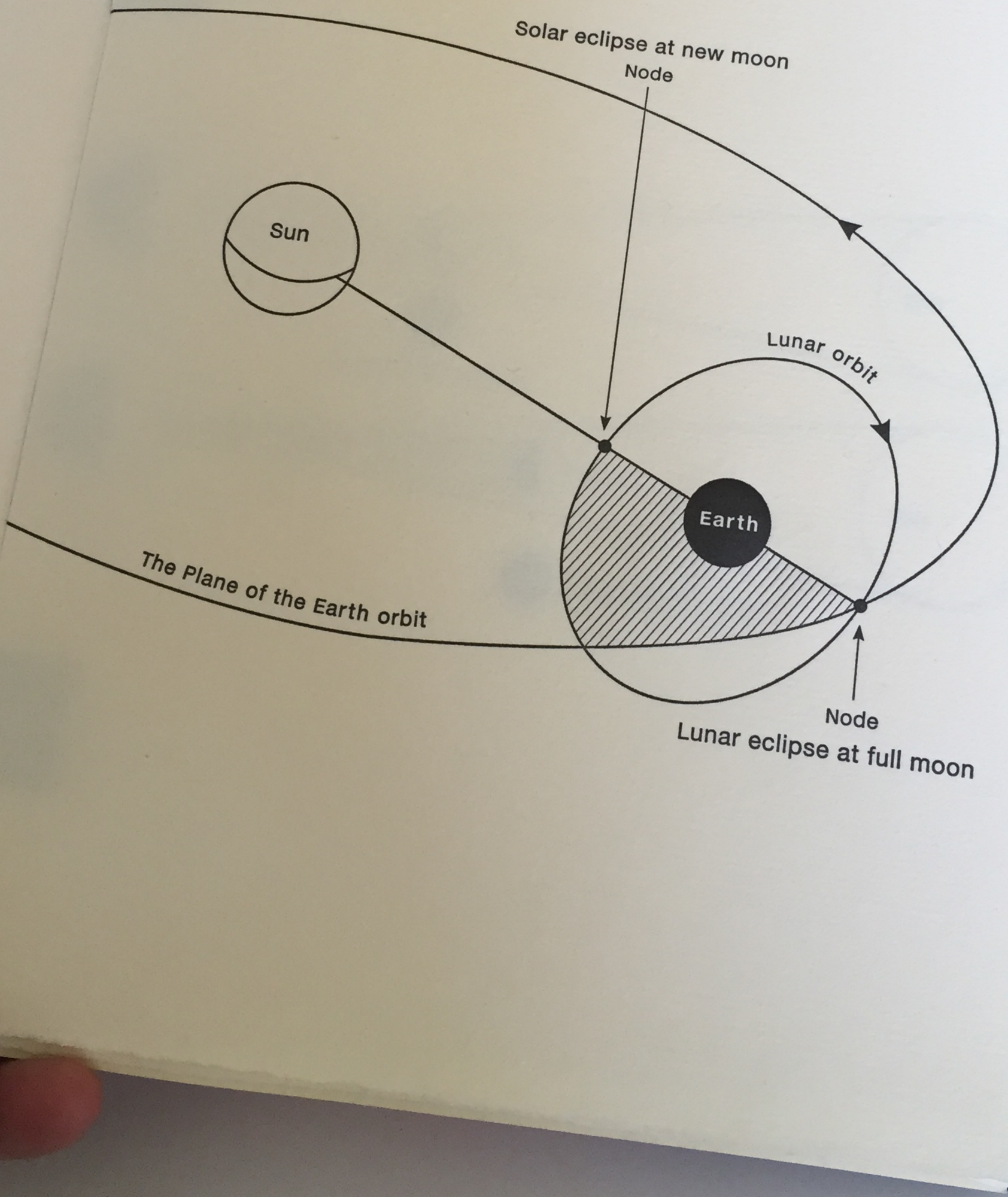
IT WAS LIKE THAT

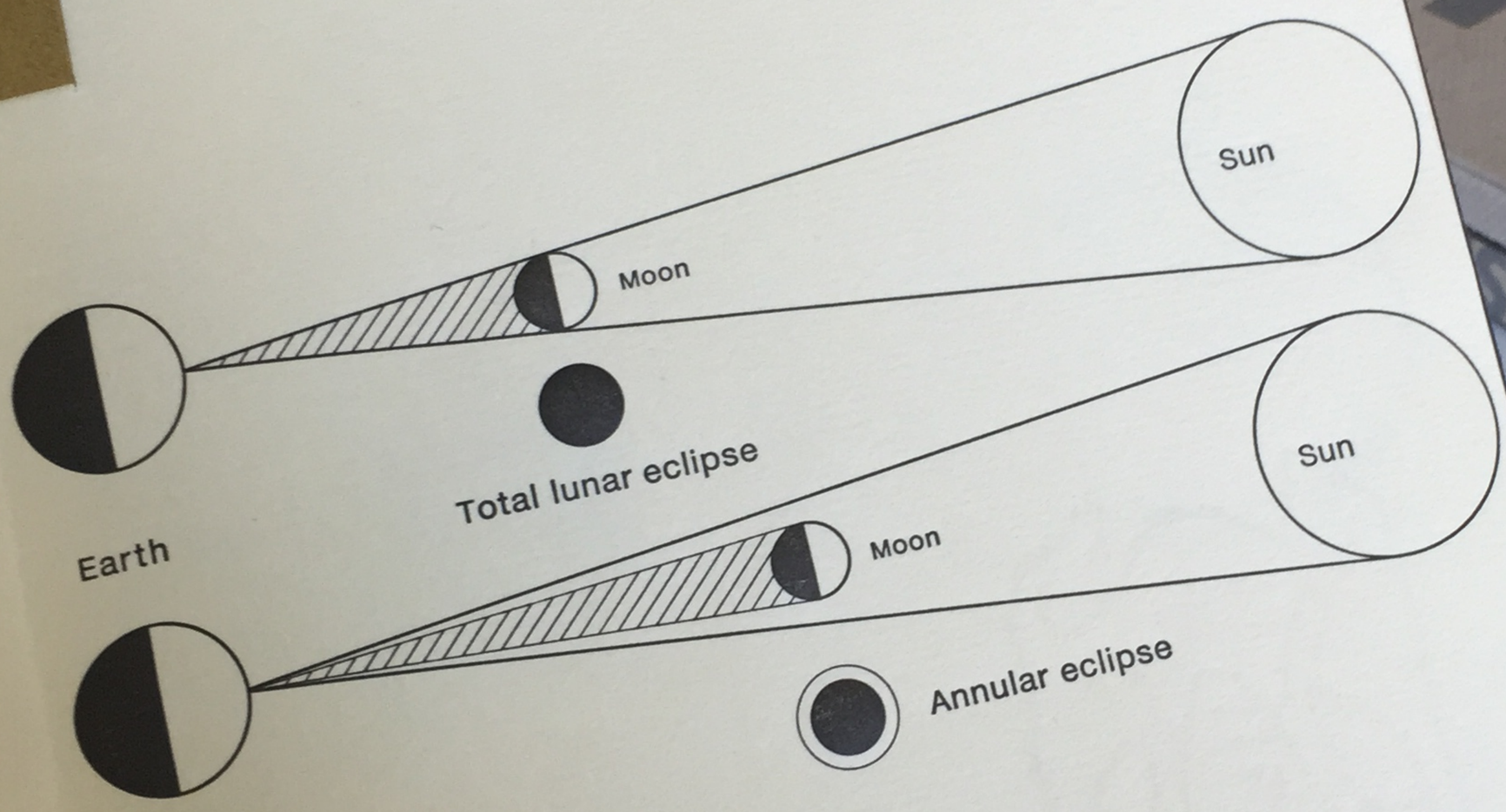
THE JANUS PRESS VERMONT 2014

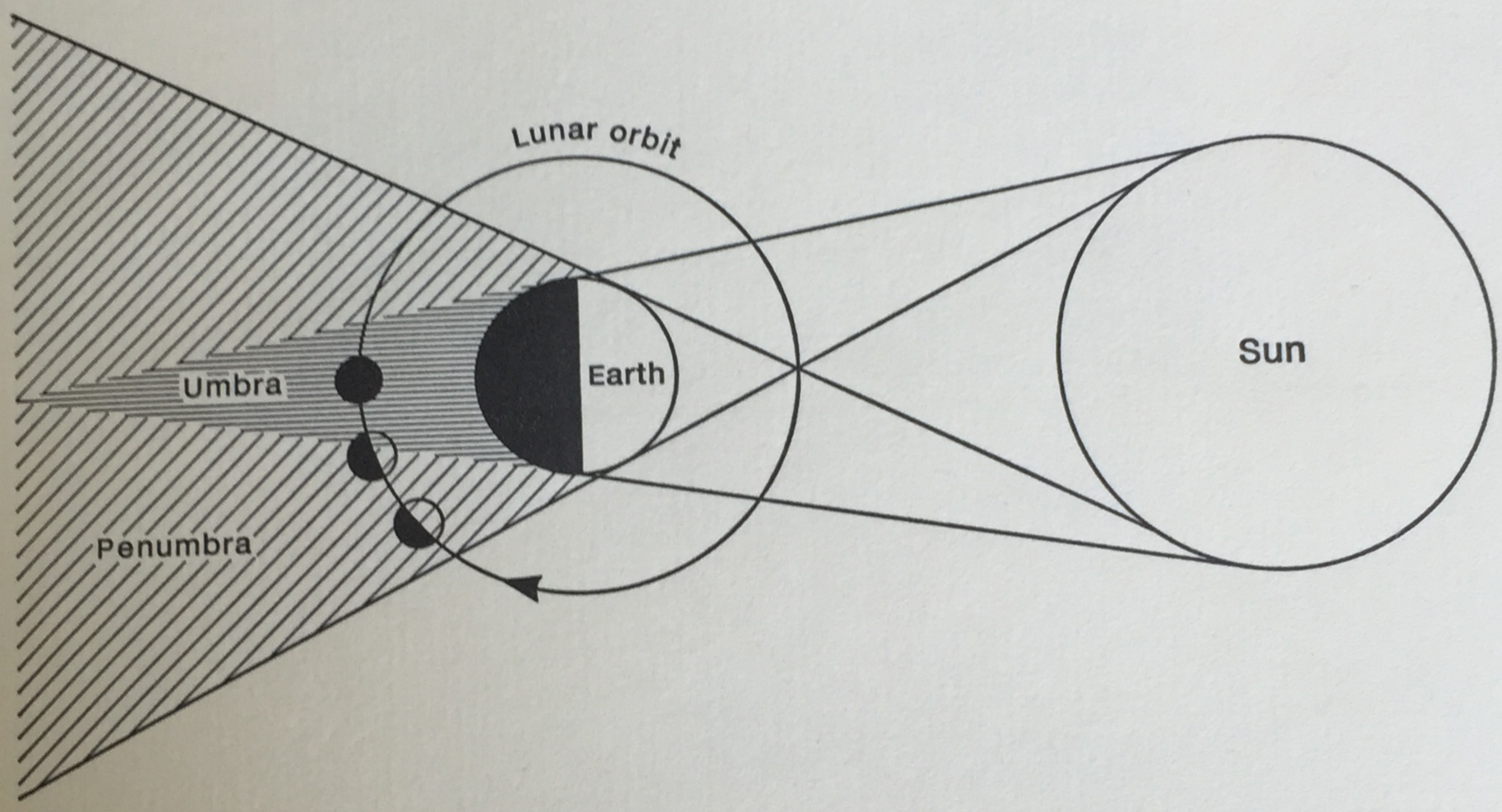
A myna drops
from the building
opposite: a flash
of white. Even
in free fall,
footsure,
folding and
unfolding its wings.

At the top of their voices,
a proclamation of lilies
in the tall glass vase
on my table,
when I wake this
morning.


TRIO
MERRELL
TRIO


Solar eclipse at new moon
Node
Sun
Lunar orbit
Earth
The Plane of the Earth orbit
Node
Lunar eclipse at full moon


Sun
Moon
Total lunar eclipse
Sun
Earth
Moon
Annular eclipse


Lunar orbit
Umbra
Earth
Sun
Penumbra

ISBN 978-0-9792834-4-4

These poems appeared previously in *Northern Almanac*
published by Catamount Arts in St Johnsbury Vermont

This edition is illustrated with original digital prints and lithographs by Claire Van Vliet (covers printed at UMGrafik in Copenhagen and solar eclipse at SKHS in Oslo) and the digital prints printed on an Epson by Ellen Dorn Levitt who also made the eclipse diagrams; binding executed by Audrey Holden; and printed letterpress at The Janus Press on handmade papers from Barcham Green and St Armand in an edition of one hundred and forty of which this is

for Audrey Holden

Leland Kinsey

Claire VanVliet

LELAND KINSEY

ECLIPSES

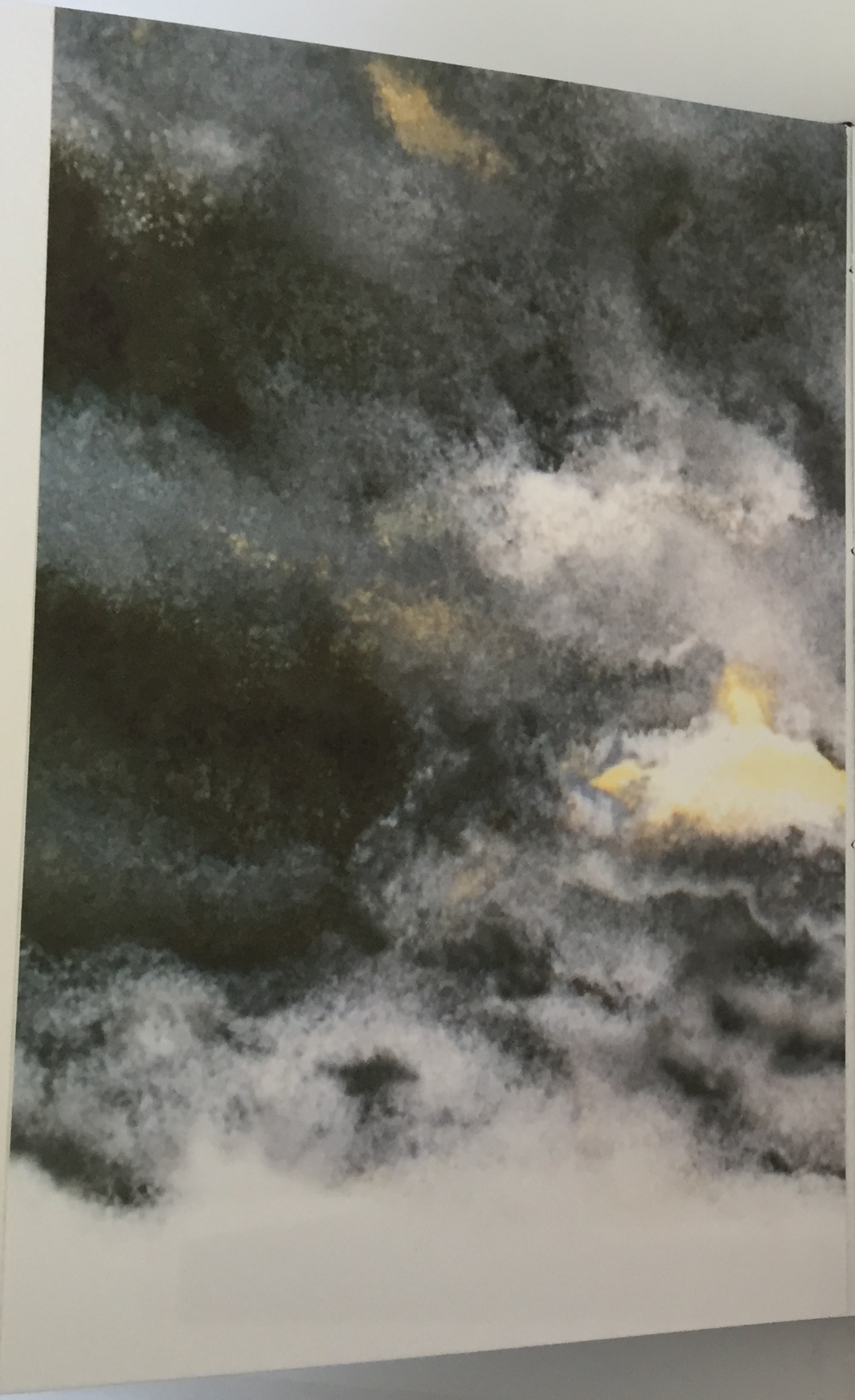
THE JANUS PRESS VERMONT 2014

WINTER

© KAREN HESSE **COSMOS** THE JANUS PRESS VERMONT 2015

WINTER

Karen Hesse



one

last

leaf

hangs

on.

icy

winds

make

its

veins

ache.

winter

comes

too

soon.

when earth becomes a barren rock

pirouetting through space on its frayed string,

after all the species have pulled themselves from the mud and the sea, have lived out their usefulness,

and been flung back into the void,

will all the energy we ever spawned dissipate

like smoke from a cigarette?

who will hold the memory of the fragility of roses, the pyrotechnics of an electrical storm, the seduction

of moonlight?

who will remember crickets on a summer's night, the sensation of rain, the hush of falling snow?

when our sun rolls over like a spent lover, turning its back on the universe,

who will know that our million million years were for nothing?

no

better

proof

of

winter's

undoing

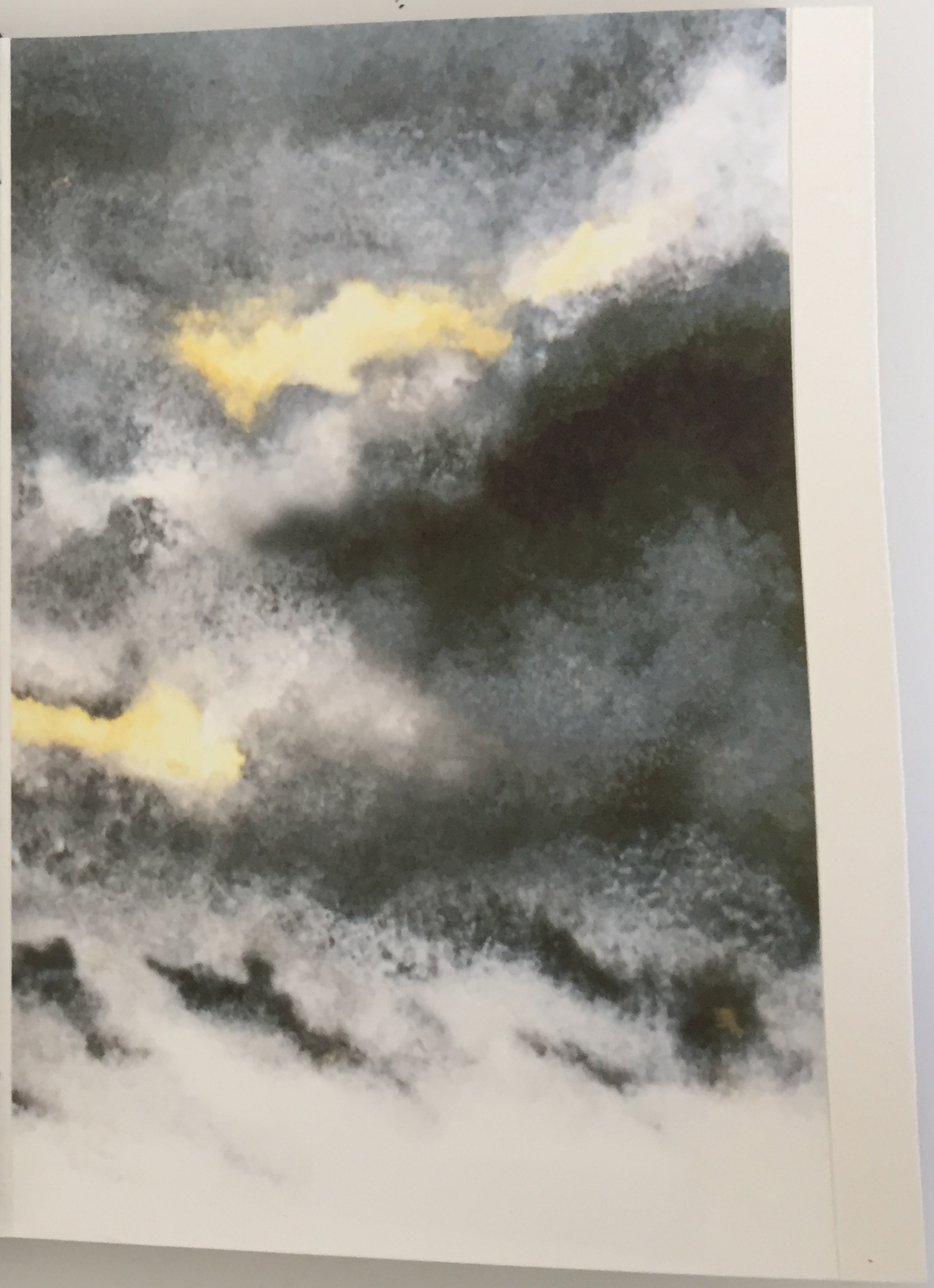
than

geese

unzipping

the

sky.



WINTER

SPRING

AUTUMN

WINTER

Karen Hesse

BONUS
5%
MORE/EN PRIME
Pritt
42 g
Pritt
Non toxic
Non toxique

SUMMER

AUTUMN

 COSMOS THE JANUS PRESS VERMONT 2015

SPRING

SUMMER

for Andrey Holden — ♡ clairevanvliet

the

hummingbird

slakes

its

prodigious

thirst

with

sips

of

gingery

dew.

slow

river

feeds

fresh

loaves

of

braided

moonlight

to

the

ravenous

sea.

at

the

meadow's

edge,

trees

wave

their

green

kerchiefs

and

swoon

over

new

stars.

a

single

frog

croaks.

its

longing

voice

fills

the

mist.

the

blue

heron

laughs.

the

night

barely

dark,

bright

venus

bathes

in

the

white

moon's

sweet

scented

palm.

peonies

explode,

lavish

pink

excess,

unmapped

labyrinth

for

ants.

anchored

in

deep

mud,

flawless

white

lily

floating

on

the

pond's

calm

face.

the

hummingbird

slakes

its

prodigious

thirst

with

sips

of

gingery

dew.

slow

river

feeds

fresh

loaves

of

braided

moonlight

to

the

ravenous

sea.

pigeons

come

to

roost.

they

glide

in

glib,

effortless.

regents

on

roof

tops.

children's

voices

rise,

summer

pitched,

like

the

bee's

hum

in

a

tulip's

throat.

inside

the

tall

grass

crickets

chirping,

keeping

time.

black

winged

summer

clocks.

a

murder

of

crows

convening

in

the

corn

field.

prophets

of

autumn.

IT WAS LIKE THAT

TRIO

VERMONT 2015

VERMONT

© KAREN HESSE COSMOS THE JANUS PRESS

occupy solitude wherever you are

all morning cloud low
over hills harbour
several shades of grey how I love
the frayed, soft, changing
edges
of everything

learn to be alone
with infinite slowness

small cloud shadows
gliding over water

in high tide, old jetty's remains
a forgotten stubble
on the harbour's face

early sun thru breaking cloud
the sea a flat speckled grey
tide out

bent row of spindly poles
of an almost vanished pier
one dark shape of a ship
in port, dark smoke heading south

RISE

LONEY-RISE-JANUS

RISE

I
WAS
PUT ON EARTH
TO
ACCOMPLISH
A CERTAIN
NUMBER OF THINGS
AND
I AM SO FAR
BEHIND
THAT
I WILL NEVER DIE

The Book Arts Press Valentine's Day Thought for 1994


H

River's Edge
Farm Stand
776 Glover Road, Barton, Vermont
FRESH PRODUCE
TOMATOES
CUCUMBERS
BROCCOLI
LETTUCE
SUMMER SQUASH
SPINACH
HOURS
River's Edge Farm Stand
M. - F. 11:00 - 6:00
S. & S. 11:00 - 4:00
Copper Plate... Food Trailer
11:00-8:00 Closed Wed!
LOCAL CORN
FRESH PRODUCE
PLEASE DRIVEWAY


Museum of Everyday Life
embarking on our Mission of glorious obscurity
OPEN

Museum of Everyday Life
embarking on our mission of glorious Obscurity

DONATIONS Welcome

To View Museum Turn On Light Here → Please Turn Off Lights When You Are Done!

HERE LIGHTS

Please DONATE

IF YOU ARE ABLE

PAPER/CARD BOARD

GLASS

DONATIONS
Welcome

TO VIEW MUSEUM
TURN ON LIGHTS
HERE →
Please
TURN OFF
LIGHTS WHEN
YOU ARE DONE!

LIGHTS
HERE

TURN ON ALL THREE
MUSEUM LIGHTS

(not here)

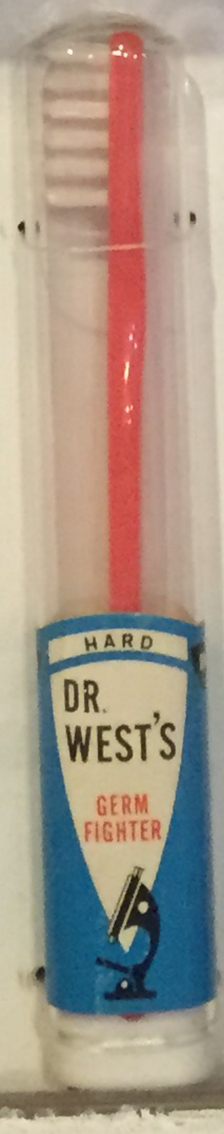
The New England Barns Found Objects Collection

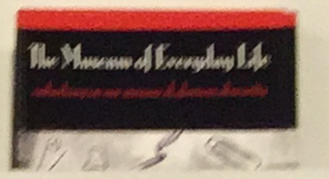
An ever-expanding, community-curated archive

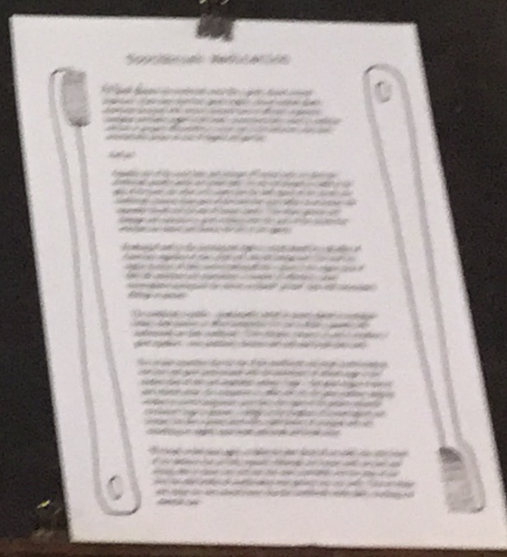

Welcome to the
Museum of
Everyday Life
Embarking on a mission of glorious obscurity!

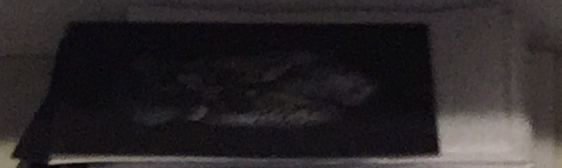
American Brushes and Paste from Past Decades

Racist packaging, Classic Colgate, Dr. West's, Dr. Hardy's and Dr. Walker's









Commodity Center and Reading Room
The Museum of Everyday Life
MANIFESTO OF PREEMPTIVE PEACE
Long Live Preemptive Peace!
NEW SONGS TO NEW MUSIC
NEW SONGS TO NEW MUSIC

MANIFESTO OF PREEMPTIVE PEACE

We, the **Preemptive Peace Philosophists**, being free people of the free universe, demand the immediate adoption of a **PREEMPTIVE PEACE PHILOSOPHY** by all governments, in particular the superpowers who dominate today's globe. In short, we demand:

1. the continual EXALTATION OF NATURE and everything that grows from the earth

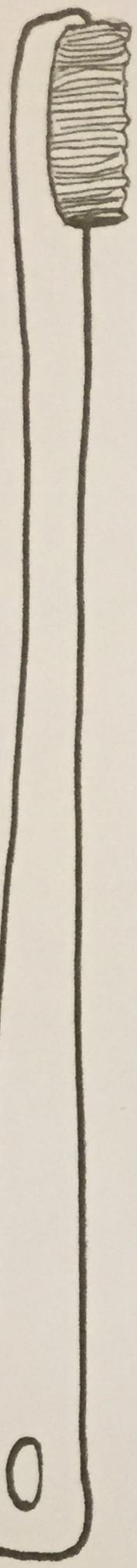
2. THE ELEVATION of the color green to its RIGHTFUL PLACE under the sun

3. the immediate eradication of the STANDARD MONEY ECONOMY, including a re-introduction of the art of barter, a slow down of all production and the strict limitation of work to three hours a day and no more.

4. A REINTRODUCTION of humanistic rites and recreation including hours of idle reflection, which will lead to a flowering of the old lost arts of reason, empathy, compassion, the pursuit of beauty and the practice of humanism.

5. *The immediate dismantling of all* arsenals and all nuclear weapons of **all countries** to avoid destruction of humanity and to affirm complete *reverence for LIFE.*

Toothbrush Meditation



At first glance the toothbrush seems like a goofy, almost comical implement. Made these days from garish brightly colored molded plastic, sometimes decorated with cartoon character faces or affected, ergonomic handgrips and flashy angled brush heads, unceremoniously tossed in medicine cabinets or propped offhandedly in a rinse cup in the bathroom, they don't automatically project an aura of dignity and gravitas.

And yet.

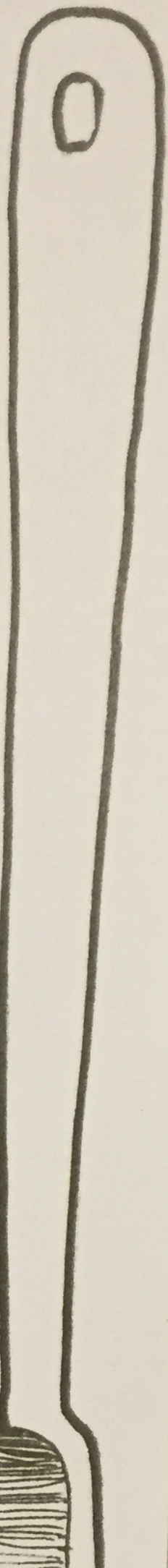
Arguably one of the most basic and intimate of human tools, we place the toothbrush actually inside our bodies daily. Its one end shaped to cradle in the grip of the hand, the other to fit neatly into the dark spaces of the mouth, the toothbrush connects these parts of the body that most define us as human: the opposable thumb and the seat of human speech. This object grooms and massages and maintains in good working order the parts of the mouth that articulate our desires and dreams, the key to our agency.

Brushing of teeth in the morning and night is a ritual shared by a plurality of Americans regardless of class, racial and cultural background. The brief but regular duration of daily tooth-brushing affords a pause in the urgent press of daily life ambitions and expectations, a moment of reflection, vacant contemplative staring into the mirror, or shared "private" time with roommates, siblings or spouses.

The toothbrush is public – unashamedly carried in purses, placed in workplace lockers, desk drawers, or office bookshelves. No one is afraid a passerby will inadvertently see their toothbrush. Their ubiquity connects us, and is somehow a great equalizer – even presidents, dictators and rock stars brush their teeth.

But we also remember that the rise of the toothbrush and ritual tooth-brushing was born and grew hand-in-hand with the ascendancy of refined sugar in the modern diets of rich and imperialist nations. Sugar – that great engine of slavery and colonial crime, the companion to coffee and tea, the great enablers, helping workers to survive long hours, poor diets, the rigors of the pitiless industrial revolution! Sugar is pleasure, a delight in the kingdom of hummingbird and human, but also a poison laced with a dark history of conquest and toil, something we nightly must brush and brush and brush away.

We brush to feel clean again, to delay the slow decay of our teeth, the only bones of our skeleton that are fully exposed. Although our human teeth are hard and strong, able to cleave nuts and tear into meat, inevitably over the years of our lives the mild bristles of toothbrushes wear grooves into our teeth. Thus we shape and sculpt our own mortal frame; thus the toothbrush works daily, touching our essential core.



NEW SONGS TO NEW MUSIC

If, uprooting from its heart the vice which dominates it and degrades its nature, the **working class** were to arise in its terrible strength, not to demand the Rights of Man, which are but the rights of capitalist **exploitation**, not to demand the Right to Work which is but the right to **misery**, but to forge a brazen law **forbidding** any man **to work more than three hours a day**, the earth, the old earth, trembling with joy would feel a new universe leaping within her!

--Paul Lafargue

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--Paul Lafargue

Safety Pin Menagerie

This delightful menagerie, discovered in a New England barn, was once rumored to have been a creation of Felix Klee, son of artist Paul Klee, created in his dotage when insomnia kept him up at night. This rumor has since been disproved, and the provenance of these safety pin animals remains a mystery.

Matchstick Rollercoaster

By Jonathan Berger. From the Museum's permanent collection.

Burnt Match Figures: The Curse of Prometheus

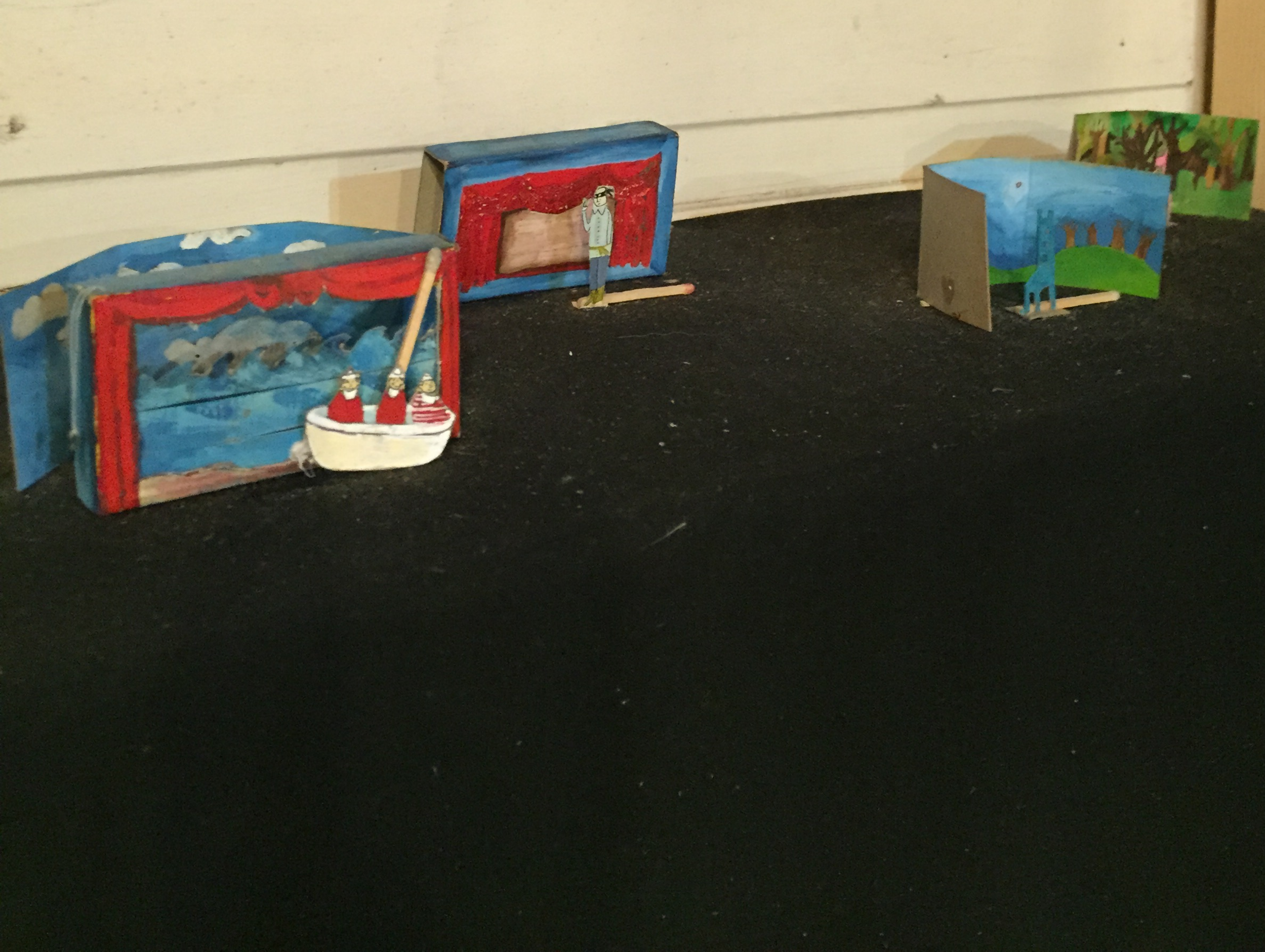
Cate Peck, Vermont

A meditation on the discovery of fire and its sequelae.

Matchbox Theaters
Laura Heit. Minnesota.

From childhood Laura Heit had problems with a lazy eye that left her seeing only in two dimensions. She became a visual artist and maker of short animated films, and everything she makes is flat. In the late 1990's Laura became famous for her performances of "The Matchbox Shows," in nightclubs and cabarets. A series of micro-plays on a wide variety of themes, performances of "The Matchbox Shows" have toured the world.

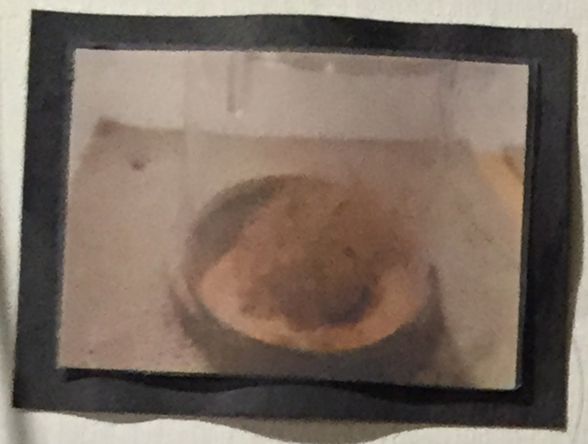
"The Story of Three Men in a Tub, A Tree, 2 Chairs and a Bandit."

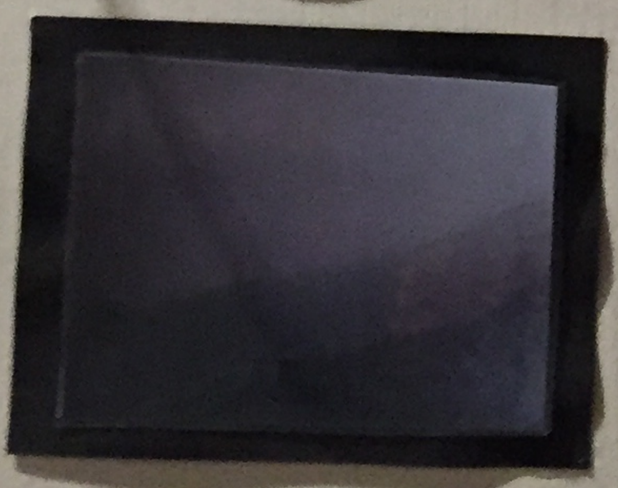


Sistine Chapel Dust

Collected and donated by conservator MJ Davis, displayed here with page from travel diary, noting dust collection and other activities of the day.

Test Your Knowledge





Arachnoid Dust

Fan Blade Dust

Mt. St. Helen's Dust

Linda Elbow's Dust

Sound Ball Dust

Touch the end of the left hand wire to a picture, and touch the right hand wire to the name of the dust. The correct answer will illuminate the lightbulb!


HANDLING
POLLEN SAW DUST
BARN DUST
VOLCANIC
PARTICULATE DUST
POCKET LINT
GRADE A COARSE

WF10X

WF10X

PLEASE
SLIDES!

THEY ARE GL

PLEASE RETUR
MICROSCOPE L
VIEWING.

Thank You.

SAW
DUST

BARN

VOLCANO

PARTICULATE
DUST

POCKET
LINT

GRADE A
COARSE

PRIMARY110VAC
SECONDARY12V10W

Dust – based Art

"Lovers Lint" by Jesse Orr, created from her boyfriend's belly button lint

"A Brush With Death" by UK artist Paul Hazelton

"Portrait of a Retired Pirate After Breakfast" by Paul Zaloom, made with laundry lint and toothpick

"Portrait of Eve (After Guiseppe Arcimboldo) by Lynn Jeffries and Paul Zaloom

Amathophobia – Fear of Dust

Amathophobia is the persistent and abnormal fear of dust. The cause of Amathophobia may vary from one person to another, and often can be traced to a Traumatic Experience in the sufferer's past. This may be a single, highly stressful event in which the afflicted person has experienced significant distress and has come to associate that distress with Dust. Or the sufferer may accumulate repetitive fearful associations with dust that escalate over time. Sometimes the initial link between the anxiety and its association with Dust may occur in distant childhood, and only escalate later in adulthood.

Symptoms of Amathophobia can include:

Rapid heart rate in the presence of dust
Labored breathing
Difficulty swallowing
Covering of furniture with plastic barriers
Compulsive donning of dust masks or respirators

Associated fear of dust mites may lead to any of the following:

Inability to sleep and/or fear of lying down
A strong aversion to upholstered chairs or carpets
Repetitive, compulsive vacuuming

The Dust Bowl

The Dust Bowl was a period of intense drought affecting the Great Plains states of the U.S. in the 1930s, during which unanchored soil, deprived of water, was turned into dust and blown into the air by prevailing winds, forming huge clouds that sometimes blackened the sky. Early explorers of the Great Plains region thought it unsuitable for European-style agriculture due to its lack of surface water and timber, and called this area "The Great American Desert." However, the Homestead Act of 1862 offered settlers 160-acre plots of lands in an attempt to encourage settlement there, and increased prices for agricultural products motivated an exponential expansion of cultivated acreage. In 1931, severe drought hit the Midwest and Southern Plains, and dust from over-plowed and over-grazed lands began to fill the air. The drought continued year after year.

On May 9th, 1934, a strong dust storm lasting two days stripped 12 million pounds of dust from the Great Plains, with dust clouds reaching all the way to eastern cities like New York and Washington, D.C. In the winter of 1934-1935, red snow fell in New England. On April 14th, 1935, 20 simultaneous storms swept across the Great Plains from Canada to Texas, turning day into night, in what was to become known as "Black Sunday." Associated Press news editor Edward Stanley coined the term *Dust Bowl* in an article about the storm.

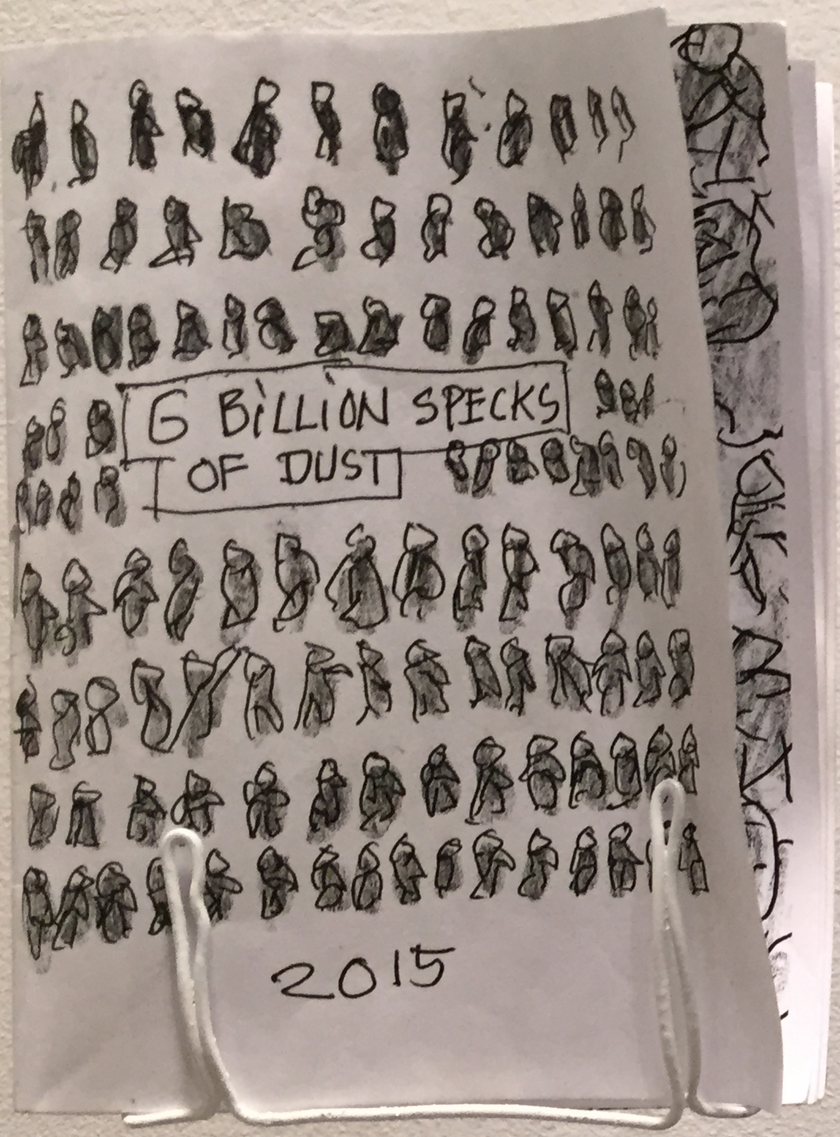
More than 500,000 Americans became homeless as a result of the Dust Bowl, and more than 75% of the topsoil was blown away in some regions. The economic impact of the Dust Bowl extended the Great Depression. In the fall of 1939, rain finally came to the Great Plains, and the Dust Bowl ended.

Daytime skies black as night, dust blowing under doors, through cracks, filling houses and barns, dust covering sidewalks, inescapably filling the nose and eyes and ears: the terror of dust overtaking civilization remains a potent theme in the popular imagination.

Dust

The Museum of Everyday Life celebrates its fifth year of existence by delving deep into this most ubiquitous substance. Dust coats every surface in our homes, congeals in our nasal passages, floats across continents, settles onto the ocean floors, and rains down from the sky as a diaphanous reminder of the origins of the cosmos. The Bible places it at the start and the finish of everything, and science agrees: it is now understood that without a thick cloud of dust stars cannot fo[illegible]. More than one hundred tons of space dust falls to earth every day. But what could be more ordinary than dust? We brush it from the surfaces of everything in our homes. It gathers with the cat hair and lint under the bed and it clings to spiders' webs in the corners. Day to day, it is difficult to keep in mind dust's terrifying power of erasure. We don't necessarily think of it until we see it blanketing fields and valleys after a volcanic eruption or see photographs in history books of entire farms buried alive during the Dust Bowl.

Dust also marks time. Its inexorable accumulations make visible the minutes and hours and years. As our bodies age, we witness our own parts turn to dust, as joints grind away, teeth crack and wear, hair falls out and becomes brittle. Watching dust slowly circulate in a shaft of sunlight can be melancholy or transcendent, depending on the moment and the thoughts in our head. Maybe this is because dust is essential, a basic ingredient in everything.



6 Billion Specks of Dust
A book by Peter Schumann of Glover, VT, cataloguing the infinitesimal varieties of human dust sprinkled across the planet.

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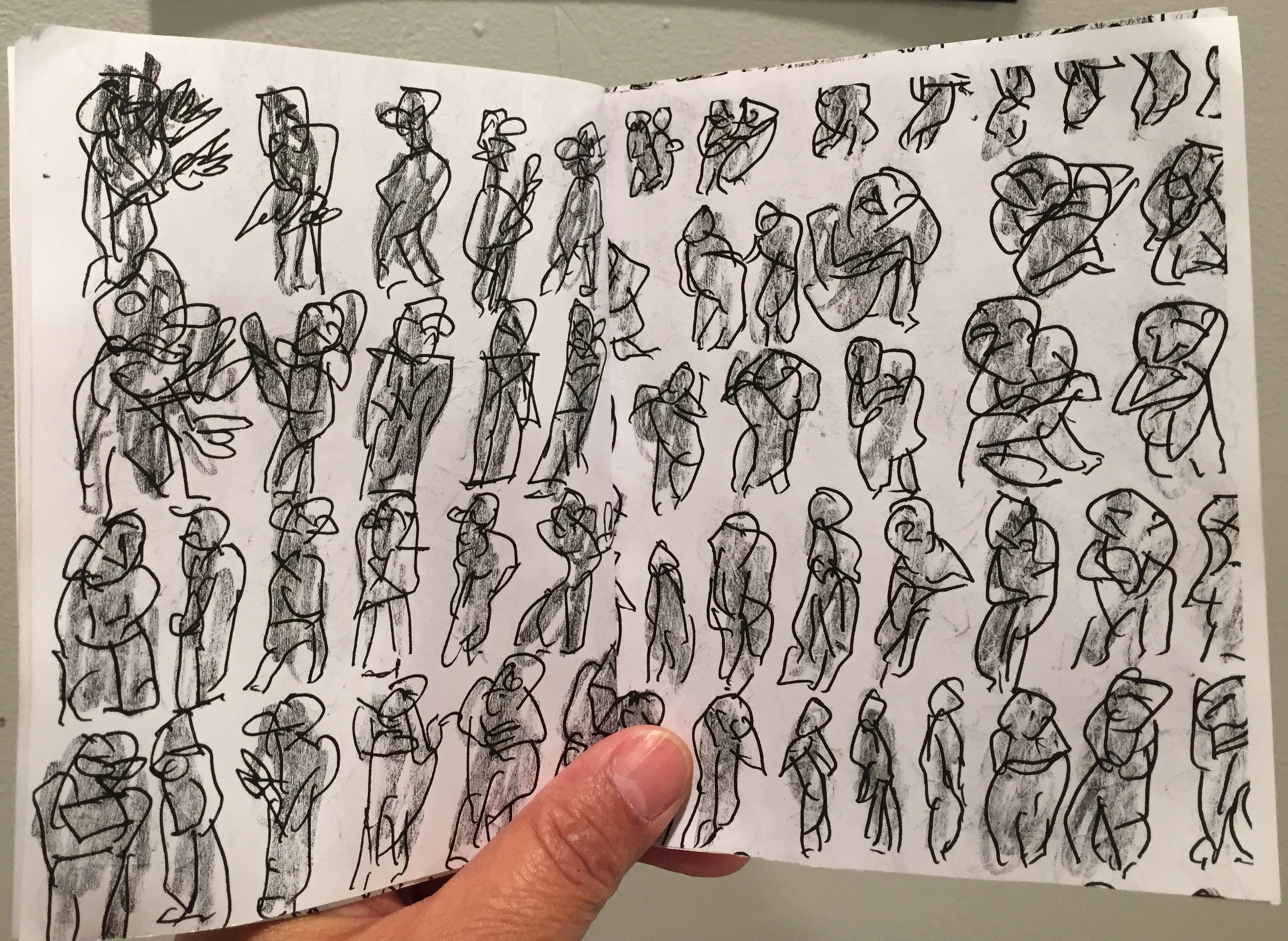
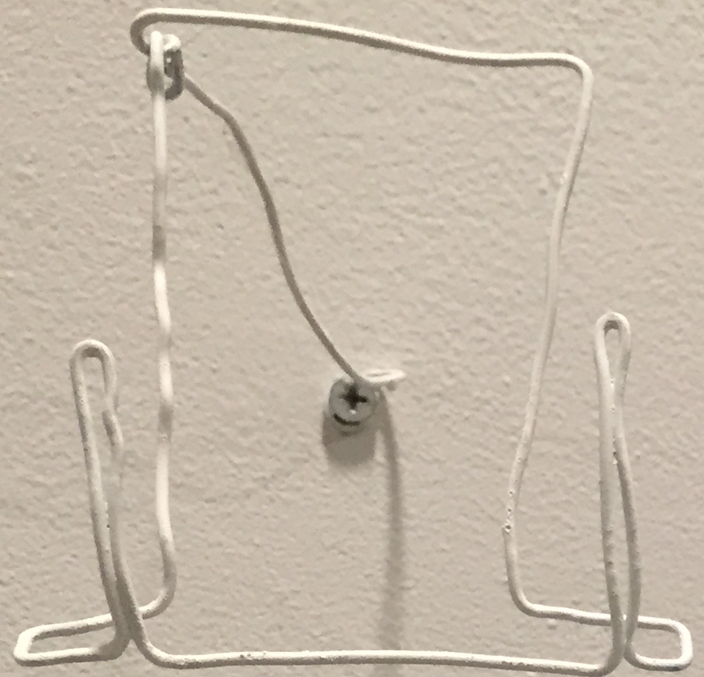
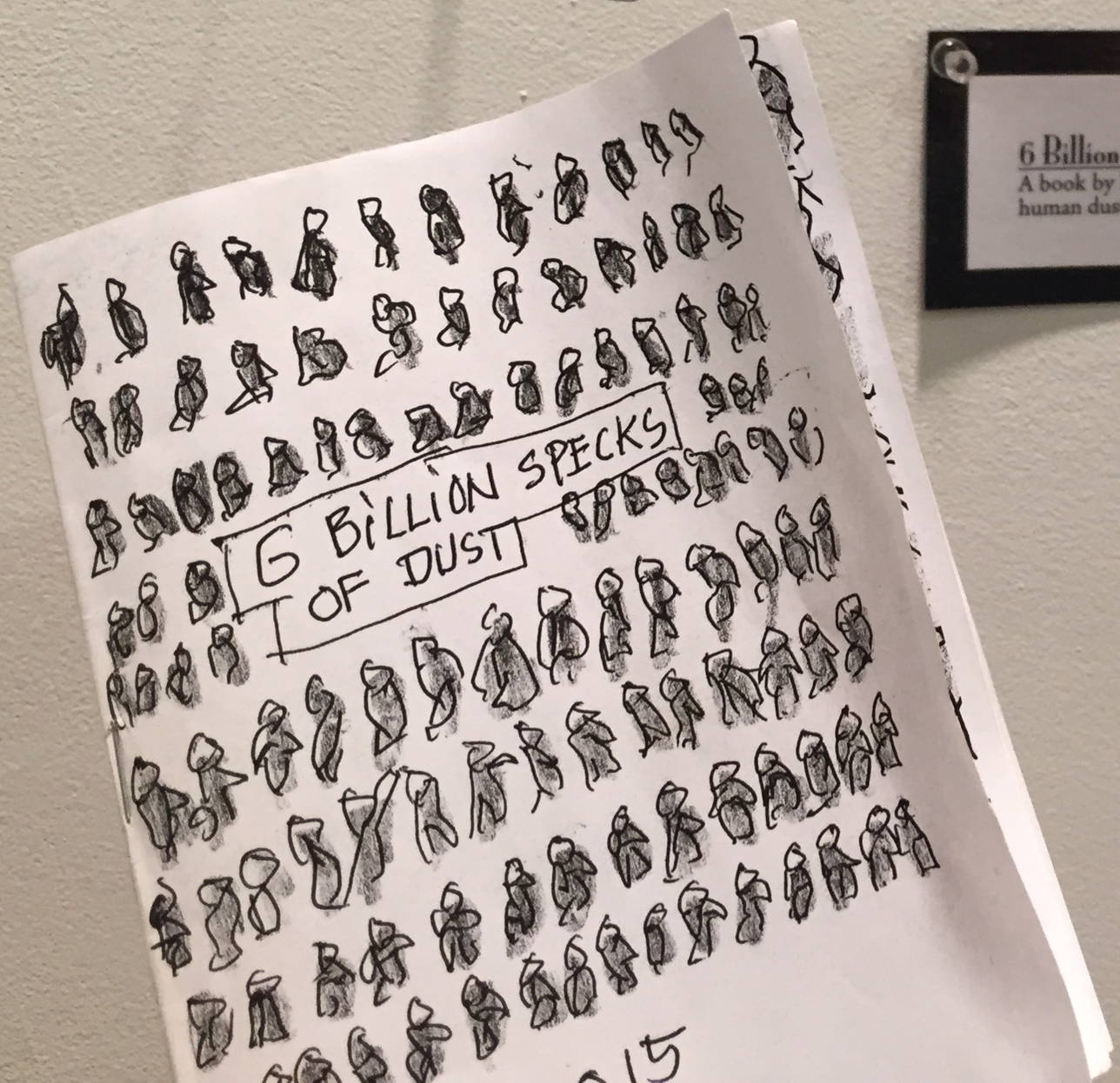






6 Billion Specks of Dust
A book by Peter Schumann of Glover, VT, cataloguing the infinitesimal varieties of human dust sprinkled across the planet.

Dust mites evolved around 400 million years ago, and have radiated into every available ecological niche. There hundred microns in size (smaller than the period at the end of this sentence), they are able to live anywhere there is food for them. They receive most of their nutrition from the bacteria and fungi that grow on sloughed skin and hair, also feeding on the dead carcasses of other mites. Their life cycle begins with the female dust mite laying an egg on something sturdy, such as a carpet fiber. Six-legged larvae eat hatch, which subsequently evolve through several cycles: protonymph, tritonymph, then finally an adult with genitals. Dust mites have no circulatory system, no head, heart, or eyes. Inhabitants of our beds, furniture, clothes, tablecloths, towels, and bathrobes, creeping through our nostrils and across our skin, these microscopic scavengers are always with us, endlessly chewing the detritus of our human bodies.

Grand Dust Mit.
Created here at the Museum of Everyday Life by our staff of mites, rummaged, this authentic, paper-mache Dust Mite Nephila overruns the Dust Mites in 10 x 6,000 magnification and is enormously curious.

Dust Samples from The Main Street Museum's Permanent Collection

On loan from the Main Street Museum in White River Junction, VT, whose spectacular collection of dust and lint samples is unparalleled in North America.

24.

1sthm;281;237;ca

Drier Lint (in a jar). From the clothes dryer formerly belonging to Mrs. S. Elizabeth Gillingham, an artist's grandmother. Collected 2002 – 2003, c.e. Hartford Woolen Company Warehouse Art Studio Building, White River Jct., Vermont. 9 cm cir.

Collection Main Street Museum. Gift of the artist

NAVEL LINT.
(A COMPARITIVE DISPLAY)

National Aeronautics and
Space Administration

Lyndon B. Johnson Space Center
2101 NASA Parkway
Houston, Texas 77058-3696

Reply to Attn of:

Here is an IOP. I will send
email w maps + a description

Regards
Mike Zokarsky

Ashes Collected From Broadway and Anne Streets, 21 September, 2001. The so-called "9/11" Ashes.

Ashes Collected From Broadway and Anne Streets, 21 September, 2001. The so-called "9/11" Ashes.

Microscopic Cosmic Dust Sample from the Chief Curator of Cosmic Dust at NASA in Houston, TX

Michael E. Zolensky, curator of cosmic dust at NASA, de-accessioned this cosmic dust sample from NASA's holdings due to polymerizati[illegible] of the drop of silica oil in which the sample was suspended, making it almost impossible to remove for study. After conversations with Museum of Everyday Life staff, Zolensky agreed to donate this unique sample of cosmic dust to the museum for its permanent collection. In an email Zolensky explained:

NASA's ultra-clean Cosmic Dust Laboratory, established in 1981 to handle particles one-tenth the diameter of a human hair, curates over thousands of cosmic dust particles and distributes samples to investigators worldwide.
Cosmic dust grains include samples from comets and asteroids, containing material in the same condition as when the solar system began to form. Unlike meteorites, cosmic dust samples all bodies in the solar system. Examination of cosmic dust also reveals much about the populations of interplanetary dust and orbital debris particles in low-Earth orbit. Such information is useful to engineers planning protection of spacecraft against damage from high-velocity dust grains. The terrestrial dust and spacecraft debris particles are of considerable interest to atmospheric scientists and climatologists, since they influence some global atmospheric reactions... We have made targeted collections of the stratosphere in attempts to collect dust from specific comets (Tempel-Tuttle, Giabobini-Zinner, and Grigg-Skjellerup), as well as dust from asteroid families.

We asked scientists at Zolensky's laboratory to tell us about their personal relationship to dust. Dr. Keiko Nakamura-Messenger told us:

My parents bought an encyclopedia for my older siblings. There were 20 books and each had a theme such as Human Anatomy, Entomology, Botany, Geology, Astronomy, and Mineralogy/Petrology/Fossils with lots of pretty pictures in them. I finished reading all of them before going to kindergarten. The subject that fascinated me the most among the whole series was "Comets", especially the high-contrast telescope images of various comets that were beautiful and scary at the same time... Decades later, here I am as a scientist analyzing cometary dust particles in a laboratory. I have been feeling so lucky every time I get a chance to hold and work on a new piece of a comet with my own hands.

Tone Balls

Tone balls are accumulations of dust, hair, insect casings, skin, and wayward motes that find their way inside the sound-hole of a musical instrument. Aided by the vibrations of the instrument, the detritus forms a mass. Considered by some to hold magical tonal influence, tone balls are often left in the dark bowels of the instrument. This unique collection of tone balls is on loan from the archives of Brooklyn Lutherie. It is extremely rare to see a tone ball outside of its host instrument.

Wash Me
A fine example of the classic Vermont response to dirt road dust. On loan from Clark McKenzie of Sheffield, VT.

Vessels And Potentials

(2003-2015)

Theresa Pears

I graduated college in 2003 with a degree in studio art from a small liberal arts college in the Midwest. My advisor had told me to keep touching clay, and things would work out for me. Instead of graduate school, I started apprenticing on farms in the Northeast. There were usually ceramics studios in the vicinity of the farms, and so I could keep touching clay. I also began accumulating bags of clay bodies when I moved from farm to farm. Studios tend to have strict policies about what kind of clay they buy or make, but I couldn't bring myself to throw away what I hadn't used, and the nice ladies who ran or owned the places insisted I keep it.

1. Hawthorne Valley School, Ghent NY.

The farm has a Waldorf school associated with it. The art teacher let me use the cables during the summer, but wouldn't let me fire anything. I had to buy clay from another studio in Chatham, NY.

2. West Hartford Art League, West Hartford CT.

3. Expressions Pottery, Granby CT.

I moved to Connecticut to work on a small non-profit dairy farm. We processed fluid milk, but there weren't enough hours for me so I started working for an 80 year old vegetable farmer on the side. When I moved I started at the West Hartford Arts League. They used light red clay, and low fired everything. It was hard to get anything done because the sessions were 2 ½ hours and the last 45 minutes had to be spent cleaning. Luckily, a customer at the dairy told me about the Expressions Pottery. I liked the red clay they use, and there were many types of kilns available for firing. The women who ran the collective were great, and you could access the studio with a key code for more hours than just classes.

4. Rowley Clay Studio, Rowley MA.

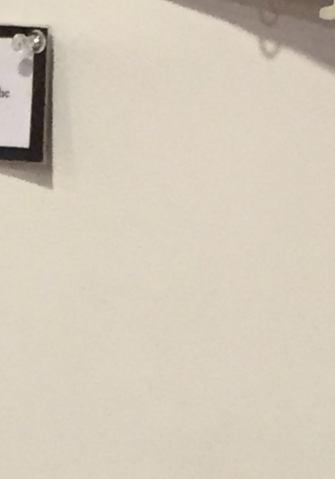
I drove by this place soon after moving to nearby Ipswich to work for a farm there. I left a note on the door. Dale is not only a potter, but also maintains an impressive garden. I sensed a kindred spirit. She uses white clay, electric kilns, and high fire.

From there I have schlepped the now 70 pounds of clay through three other moves. Now I have my own place to farm, but haven't managed to also get my own studio together. And when I do, I may never even use any of them, but having the possibility means I can keep touching clay.

Vessels and Potentials

Pottery and Farming
- Hawthorne Valley School
- Hawthorne Valley Farm
- The George Hall Farm
- Former Town Farm Dairy
- West Hartford Art League
- Expressions Pottery
- Appleton Farms
- Rowley Clay Studio
- Haverhill MA
- North Troy, VT
- 1085 County Rd

Sites of ceramic and agricultural work (2003-2015)
Blue = No firing
Red = Farms
Green = Studios with kilns
Black = present



Clay Dust Samples from New England

On loan from Theresa Pears of West Glover, these clay dust samples chronicle the ceramicist's unending quest for clay and studio space.

In support of this exhibit I have not cleaned my house for 4 months.
Linda Elbee

Mysterious
Door
-NO ENTRY-

Broom Photographs

Brooms displayed in Athens, Tokyo, Paris, and Munich, photographed by Genevieve Vecillio, a lover of brooms. Genevieve photographs brooms ardent in markets wherever she sets there. This series was taken during travels from 2012-2015.


Paint - a - Sketch


Dust - a - Sketch

Friends!

Thank you for your incredible poems of gratitude.

I once met a man at sea. His mother told me that "an hour spent in silence is better than an hour outside of it."

Remember the Milford Man.

Yours Truly,

Abraham Dust

DUST, the quietest big band in the known world

Originally founded by Abraham Dust, this group first convened in Toronto, Canada, in the early 21st century and now comprises a large assortment of that city's finest improvising musicians appearing in variegated combinations and performing a growing body of large small-scale works. Featured here are a number of musical scores, posters, fan letters and ephemera that the band has been collecting over the years.

Volume

~ A Suite of Three Requests for Dust ~

from
Dawne Carlsson

Nr. 3020

Michelangelo Iaffaldano
Jelly Roll Morton Feldman
For Dust, the quietest big band in the known world

Opus 27

9

Listening Stone

"Sit as close as you like, listen as hard as you are able, for we will continue to appear, and all that vanishes is not lost." – Abraham Dust

Friends!

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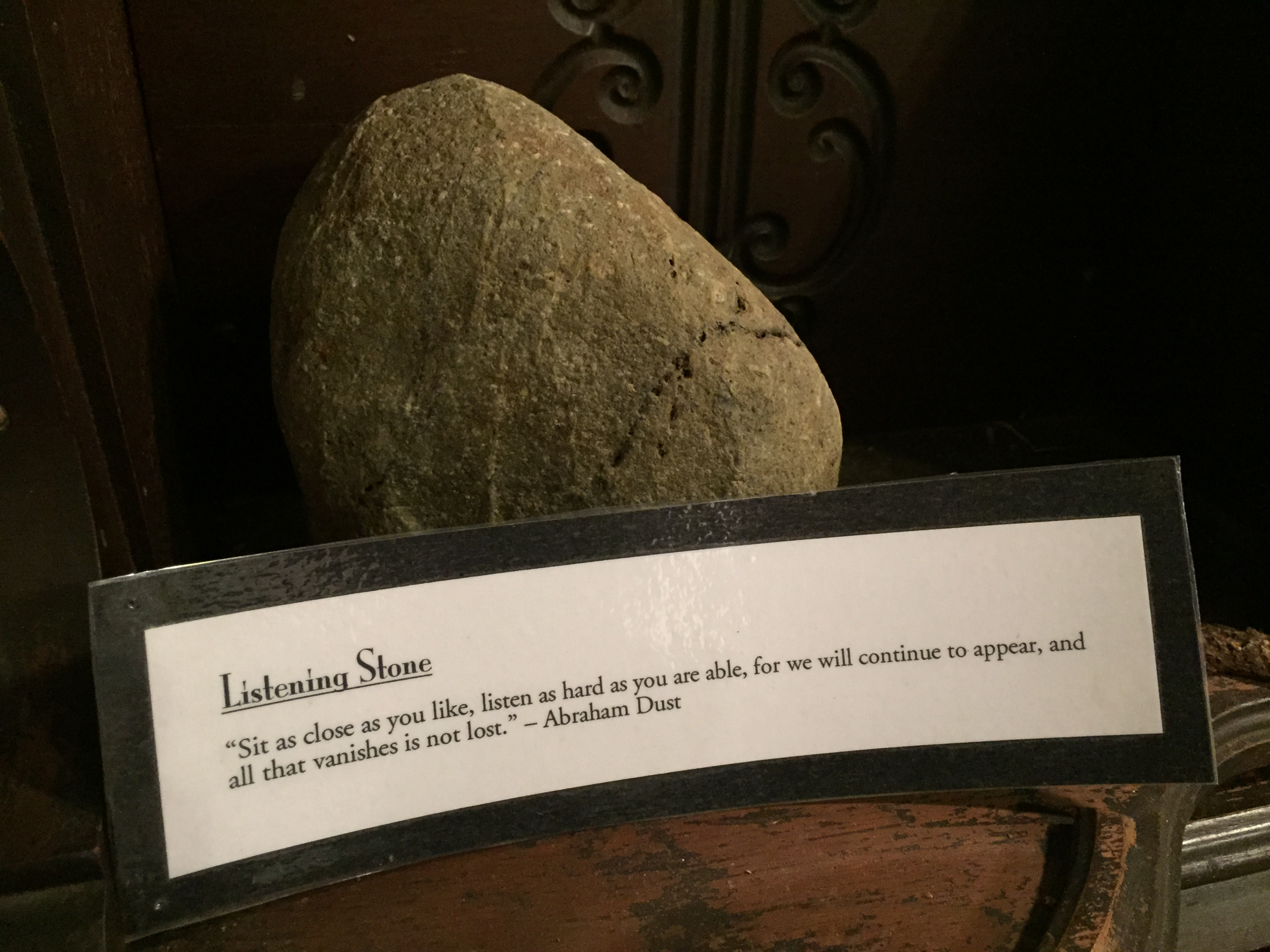
Remember the Mellified Man,

Yours Truly,

Abraham Dust


Listening Stone
"Sit as close as you like, listen as hard as you are able, for we will continue to appear, and all that vanishes is not lost." – Abraham Dust

Carpenter Company

Brattleboro, Vt., U.S.A.

Forte

Diapason 8 ft.

Piano 8 ft.

Principal 4 ft.

Bass Coupler

Treble Coupler

Dulciel 8 ft.

Vox Celeste 8 ft.

Melodia 8 ft.

Vox Humana


HORP
VAY
Made in China
Blow Off
Duster
Removes Dust From Electronics & More!
CAUTION: CONTENTS UNDER PRESSURE. KEEP OUT REACH OF CHILDREN. READ BACK LABEL CAREFULLY.
NET WT 8 OZ. (227g)
Johnson
A Family Company
pledge
LEMON
CLEAN
DUST, CLEAN, SHINE
3X
BETTER
REMOVAL
Swiffer
DUSTERS
KIT/TROUSSE
Popular Modern Dust – Removal Tools
Pledge, a classic dusting product since the 1950's, the ever-useful Blow Off Duster, and a typical HEPPA filter, this one, made in China.
"The Green Men"
Street sweepers in Paris photog
Remi Paillard over the years of

friends,

THIS IS A **composting toilet.**

- PLEASE NO TRASH, PLASTIC OR SANITARY NAPKINS ETC. IN THE TOILET. (THERE'S A WASTEBASKET FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE)

- PUT A SMALL SCOOP OF WOODSHAVINGS ~~OR PINE NEEDLES~~ DOWN THE HOLE AFTER YOU ARE DONE.

- IMPORTANT: **CLOSE THE LID!**
  + TURN OUT THE LIGHT BEFORE YOU LEAVE.

Thank You, THE MANAGEMENT

COMPOSTING
TOILET

Japanese Bicyclers Dust Mask
A face mask for the bicyclist on a dusty road, manufactured in Tokyo, from the permanent collection of the Museum of Everyday Life.

Coal Dust

Coal dust that enters the lungs can neither be destroyed nor removed by the body. Its presence in the lungs stimulates microphages to release enzymes, cytokines, oxygen radicals, and fibroblast growth factors, leading to inflammation and fibrosis, as well as the formation of dense nodular lesions. For most of the first three decades of the 20th century, the coal mining industry maintained that coal dust was harmless, and even asserted that it might protect miners from tuberculosis. As evidence of coal miners' illnesses mounted in the 1930s and 40s, and as rapid mechanization and advances in drilling technology meant that the quantity of coal dust produced in mines was greatly increasing, the presence of silica in rock was then blamed for the lung injury, which therefore was not considered a disease directly linked to the occupation of coal mining.

In 1969 the West Virginia Black Lung Association led a campaign for state legislation to declare black lung a compensable disease. 40,000 miners in West Virginia walked out of the mines and many marched on the state capitol to demand passage of the bill. This strike was one of the largest and longest strikes in American history on the issue of occupational health, and played an important part in the passage of subsequent state legislation.

In 1969 Congress passed the Federal Coal Mine Health and Safety Act, establishing standards to reduce dust exposure and benefits for afflicted workers. Subsequent legal battles ensued to define the disease and determine the stage at which enough significant lung damage has occurred to merit compensation. Coal dust can cause chronic bronchitis (a productive cough for 3 months per year for at least two years), anthracosis, (an initial, milder form of disease), and finally, coal worker's pneumoconiosis, which can take the form of simple pneumoconoisis or progressive massive fibrosis. In the 1990s, the coal industry fought attempts to include chronic bronchitis and emphysema in the definition of black lung disease, ultimately losing in 2000 when the Labor Department issued rules recognizing the connection of these diseases to worker's exposure to coal dust. Today it is estimated that 1500 former coal miners die each year from coal worker's pneumoconoisis, often in isolated rural communities.


HOW TO SHARPEN PENCILS
A PRACTICAL and THEORETICAL TREATISE on the ARTISANAL CRAFT of PENCIL SHARPENING
for: • writers • artists • contractors • flange turners • anglesmiths • civil servants
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS SHOWING CURRENT PRACTICE
DAVID REES
"The number one #2 pencil sharpener"
With a Foreword by
JOHN HODGMAN
MIDGET

toothbrush actually inside our bodies daily. Its one end shaped to cradle in the grip of the hand, the other to fit neatly into the dark spaces of the mouth, the toothbrush connects these parts of the body that most define us as human: the opposable thumb and the seat of human speech. This object grooms and massages and maintains in good working order the parts of the mouth that articulate our desires and dreams, the key to our agency.

Brushing of teeth in the morning and night is a ritual shared by a plurality of Americans regardless of class, racial and cultural background. The brief but regular duration of daily tooth-brushing affords a pause in the urgent press of daily life ambitions and expectations, a moment of reflection, vacant contemplative staring into the mirror, or shared "private" time with roommates, siblings or spouses.

The toothbrush is public – unashamedly carried in purses, placed in workplace lockers, desk drawers, or office bookshelves. No one is afraid a passerby will inadvertently see their toothbrush. Their ubiquity connects us, and is somehow a great equalizer – even presidents, dictators and rock stars brush their teeth.

But we also remember that the rise of the toothbrush and ritual tooth-brushing was born and grew hand-in-hand with the ascendancy of refined sugar in the modern diets of rich and imperialist nations. Sugar – that great engine of slavery and colonial crime, the companion to coffee and tea, the great enablers, helping workers to survive long hours, poor diets, the rigors of the pitiless industrial revolution! Sugar is pleasure, a delight in the kingdom of hummingbird and human, but also a poison laced with a dark history of conquest and toil, something we nightly must brush and brush and brush away.

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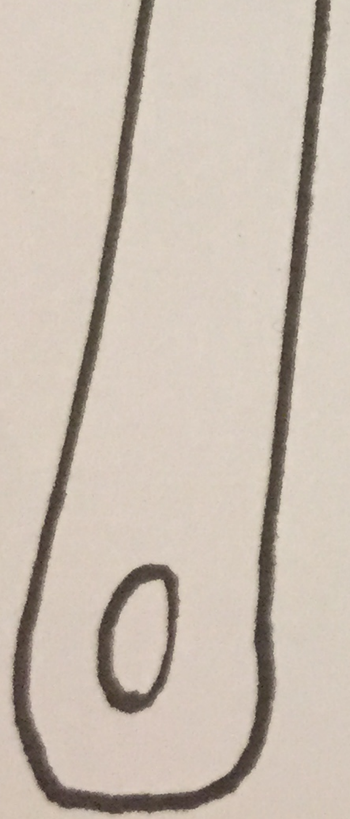


The First Manifesto of the Museum of Everyday Life

The Museum of Everyday Life shouts out against the white walls of the traditional art and artifact institution:

No More Vitrines! Nothing Under Glass!

Down with the fetishistic worship of "authentic" works by the Famous!

Down with sanctification of the "Original"!

Down with all things valuable and antique!

Up with a new kind of museum, living and breathing and as common as dirt!

Up with the Museum of Everyday Life!

The Museum of Everyday Life is a theoretical museum, first of all existing only in the mind of the beholder. The museum is the co-creation of all of us who live ordinary lives and have relationships with ordinary objects. Its purpose is a heroic, slow-motion cataloging of life; a detailed, theatrical expression of gratitude and love for the miniscule and unglamorous lives of the unfamous. We celebrate mundanity, and the mysterious delight embedded in the banal but beloved objects we touch everyday.

We promise unpretentious but intelligent display of the most worthless representatives of the ordinary objects that make up the vocabulary of common lives! We promise to uncover the integrity of each of these objects, and to unravel the complexities of our relationships to them!

We promise exhibits created by massive numbers of ordinary people!

We promise a Museum in which all things may be touched!

We promise dangerous and uninsured exhibits!

We have no corporate sponsors!

We promise exhibits free of the tyranny of facts, exhibits in which the genius of our curators creates new "truth" and invents "the facts"!

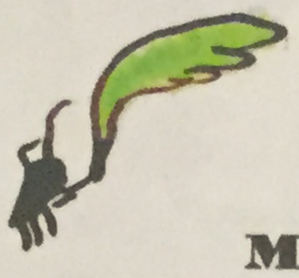
We dream of ourselves, and re-imagine our own lives by glorifying, exploring and celebrating the detritus of our struggle to exist and thrive!

In an age of rock stars and million-dollar artistic masterpieces, authentic originals and historical treasures, in a culture which worships celebrity and unbridled consumption,

The Museum of Everyday Life is proud to launch its mission of glorious obscurity!

The Museum of Everyday Life Philosophy Department


Fairy of the Museum of EVERYDAY LIFE
THE MATCH
5-31-15
Suggested Donation for Commodities
Please leave money in donation box at the door.
Manifestos $1
Books $3
T-Shirts $50 or what you've got in your pocket
Prints $5
Matchbox peepshow $6
Official Museum of Everyday Life Postcards coming soon ! ! !



THE ROACH MANIFESTO

THE ROACH IS A SMALL, scurrying bug which today can be easily crushed with the heel of a shoe. The roach will be the only creature to survive the ultimate nuclear orgy in which humankind finally blows itself to smithereens. The roach is small and disgusts you. It hides in dark cracks and feeds surreptitiously at your deserted tables. You like to pretend that roaches do not even exist, at least not in your house. But roaches are everywhere. Everywhere pathetic buggy hearts beat beneath apparently frail exoskeleton shells; thousands upon thousands of antennae quiver, anticipating the next move of a crushing heel; millions of spindly legs scurry on obscure missions; countless roach minds churn as they strategize their survival; everywhere roaches travel in vast networks of inconspicuous cracks and invisible trails. If, at the end of the day, too many of you feel that the only energy you have left is what you need to feed yourself and drag your beaten body into bed, the only way you are at all able to fight back is by refusal and self-righteousness, if you have become fed up with these measly and unsatisfying gestures, if traditional styles of protest have come to look flat, distant and commercialized—

Look to the roach!

ALL OF YOU who are tired of waking up every morning with your mouths filled with the taste of timecards, the bitterness of business as usual, the power of the monolithic mega corporation and its puppet government, of crumpled dollar bills tucked under a garter by filthy hands—

NOW is the time to look for and generate resistance with our minds firmly situated in our own cockroach reality. **NOW** is the time for playfulness inside of seriousness. **NOW** it is time to take advantage of dark cracks, take delight in stagnant water, eat the tiny grains of salt left behind by others. **NOW** be unashamed of scurrying from the light and sheltering in the darkness. **NOW** we must rewrite our predicaments in the heroic script of insects. **NOW** is the time of the roach!

The Museum of Everyday Life
Philosophy Department

A BON VIVANT MANIFESTO

The word "*Bon Vivant,*" (taken from the french) means "*good liver.*"

The liver is a five-lobed organ in the human body, essential to survival, which *filters out toxins,* and *secretes both bile and glucogen,* which is *sugar!* Nestled in the right side of the abdomen, fed by the portal veins and the hepatic artery, it glistens in the lonely darkness of our guts.

The *Bon Vivant* is not a glutton, a hedonist, a drunkard, an epicurean nor a self absorbed sensualist. *No! The Bon Vivant practices the serious work of celebration and engagement.* With earnest concentration, she feels and collaborates with her liver's mysterious workings.

You, Overly Depressed Citizen! Now it is time to embrace the practice of the Bon Vivant!

In response to the six o clock news and things that happen far away and not here, ***Now*** respond with production of that *special bile* called Collective Action and Disobedience which eats away at the legitimacy of murderous governments!

And when you find yourself pedaling a broken bicycle down a dirt road, when *Mama Thrift and Papa Industiousness lean close and urge you* to scrape out the very last crusty dregs of the perfectly good old peanut butter from the sides of the jar even though it is too dried out to spread on your piece of naked toast, and when they *lean close and remind you* of the firewood to be chopped and stacked, the broken window replaced, jobs to be applied for, money to be made, letters left unwritten, unfinished projects neglected under the bed, bills to be paid, animals to be fed–

Now breathe deep the crisp air, take in the scarlet leaves, the sound of your own heart beating, and engage in the production of that *particular glucagon* called Delight, which nine times out of ten results in Wisdom, which tells you that most of the time

THE PLEASURE OF PEDALING IS JUST AS IMPORTANT AS GETTING SOMEWHERE!

A Bon Vivant pauses frequently in the midst of hard and serious work to notice the pink clouds or the sound of a violin player practicing or the shadow of leaves against a building!

A Bon Vivant transforms the mundane tasks of everyday life into a miniature art project, or a communal get-together!

Bon Vivants breakfast in a canoe with goose wine at sunrise, or dance for a minute in the grass for the dewfall at dusk!

Bon Vivantism does not do away with Mama Thrift and Papa Industriousness! Instead–
a Bon Vivant gives Papa Industriousness a fiddle and invites Mama Thrift to a square dance!

The Museum of Everyday Life entreats you to practice the noble and holy art of the Bon Vivant!

HURRICANE MANIFESTO #1

The sweeping hand of the hurricane reminds her distracted and ignorant children:

NOW IS THE TIME *TO DO AWAY WITH* THE BELLS AND WHISTLES of the ***GLORIOUSLY DECORATED*** HAMSTER-WHEEL OF your ***SO-CALLED*** CIVILIZATION!

the hurricane says:

Now I have taught you how easy it is to revive the old fashioned practice of hand-to-mouth **neighborhoodism**, in place of cellphone and facebook (which are easily cut-off by one nonchalant puff of my breath!)

Like a Doe nudging her newborn fawn to take its first step, I said to you, *IT IS TIME TO BEGIN!*

step 1: **Employ** simple feet or bicycles to carry yourself next door to your neighbors

step 2: **Utilize** your outdated knuckles to knock at your neighbors' doors and use your often misused human voicebox to offer songs, encouragements, e x a l t a t i o n s !

step 3: **ACTIVATE** crucial back muscles in the digging-out-of-the-mud, feeding-and-blanket-giving activities central to the true and enthusiastic practice of hand-to-mouth neighborhoodism!

AND THUS awakened, NOW you are ready to advance to the nuanced art of deep eye-to-eye gazing, ear-to-chest heartbeat recognition, full-body embracing, and all other forgotten arts from the caveman era!

The howling voice of the hurricane entreats her distracted and ignorant children:

NOW re-think your everyday life and the concrete and asphalt expressions of your ambition!

DO NOT REBUILD the merchandise-choked boardwalks of Jersey, smothered with an endless number of souvenir shops and eateries designed to stoke the insatiable hunger of commonplace american capitalism!

DO NOT REBUILD the constipated Chelsea art galleries crammed with unaffordable esoteric expressions of anxiety-ridden artists!

Now **IS YOUR CHANCE** to *take a different path*!

First *Turn your eyes away* from the cell phone screens and computers and facebook pages from the monuments to power from the overstocked marketplace from the litter of mindless entertainments!

Next *close your eyes* and allow visions to come. What does your NEW city look like? How do the public spaces unfold? How are streets and plazas and buildings elegantly nourishing space for frivolous in-person chit-chat and serious philosophical debate, for communal politicking and non-virtual hanging out.

Next *open your eyes and look up* to the vast and humble sky, now slowly clearing as the dark clouds move away, now opening up into a vast vault of endless blue, now filling with the songs of a thousand birds singing...

The Museum of Everyday Life Philosophy Department

Local Natural History Finds
From the Museum's permanent collection.

Bread & Puppet
Museum

UNDERNEATH THE ABOVE
SHOWS

SATURDAYS 7:30 JUNE 13 - SEPT. 19

2015

OVERTAKELESSNESS
CIRCUS & PAGEANT

SUNDAYS 3PM JULY 12 -
AUGUST 30

SIDESHOWS 2PM


EVANS
YAMAHA

Please Wash Brushs

Following these simple guidelines leads to happiness. —— If you are not able to follow them you will have to contend with Me.

RESISTANCE TO THE SEED GROWING LOGIC OF THE EMPIRE

PAINT AREA PROCEEDURE

1. USE SMALLER CONTAINERS FOR THE COLORS YOU WANT AND FOR MIXING.
* DO NOT DIP BRUSHES DIRECTLY INTO GALLONS OF PAINT *
2. COVER ALL UNUSED PORTIONS OF PAINT AND PLACE THEM IN THE APPROPRIATE AREA WITH OTHER COLORS OF ITS KIND.
3. ALWAYS WASH YOUR BRUSH IN WATER PROVIDED (OR AT LEAST LET THEM IN WATER TO SOAK)
4. NEVER LEAVE BRUSHES WITH PAINT ON THEM LYING IN THE OPEN AIR.
5. IF YOU USE UP ALL OF THE PAI IN A SMALL CONTAINER. PLEAS WASH IT & PLACE IT IN "CLEA EMPTY CONTAINERS" BOX.

under table Rags

Small "soup" Containers

"Medium Size" containers

CLEAN

PAIN

THE NOTHING-IS-NOT-
READY SHOWS
TAKE PLACE IN THE

I've heard it in the chillest land-
And on the strangest Sea-
Yet, never, in Extremity,
It asked a crumb-of Me.


BREAD & PUPPET
GREEN MOUNTAIN
L 5330
VERMONT
JUL

THOSE who are really on THE WAY will not turn to a friend who offers refuge and comfort and encourages the OLD self to survive.

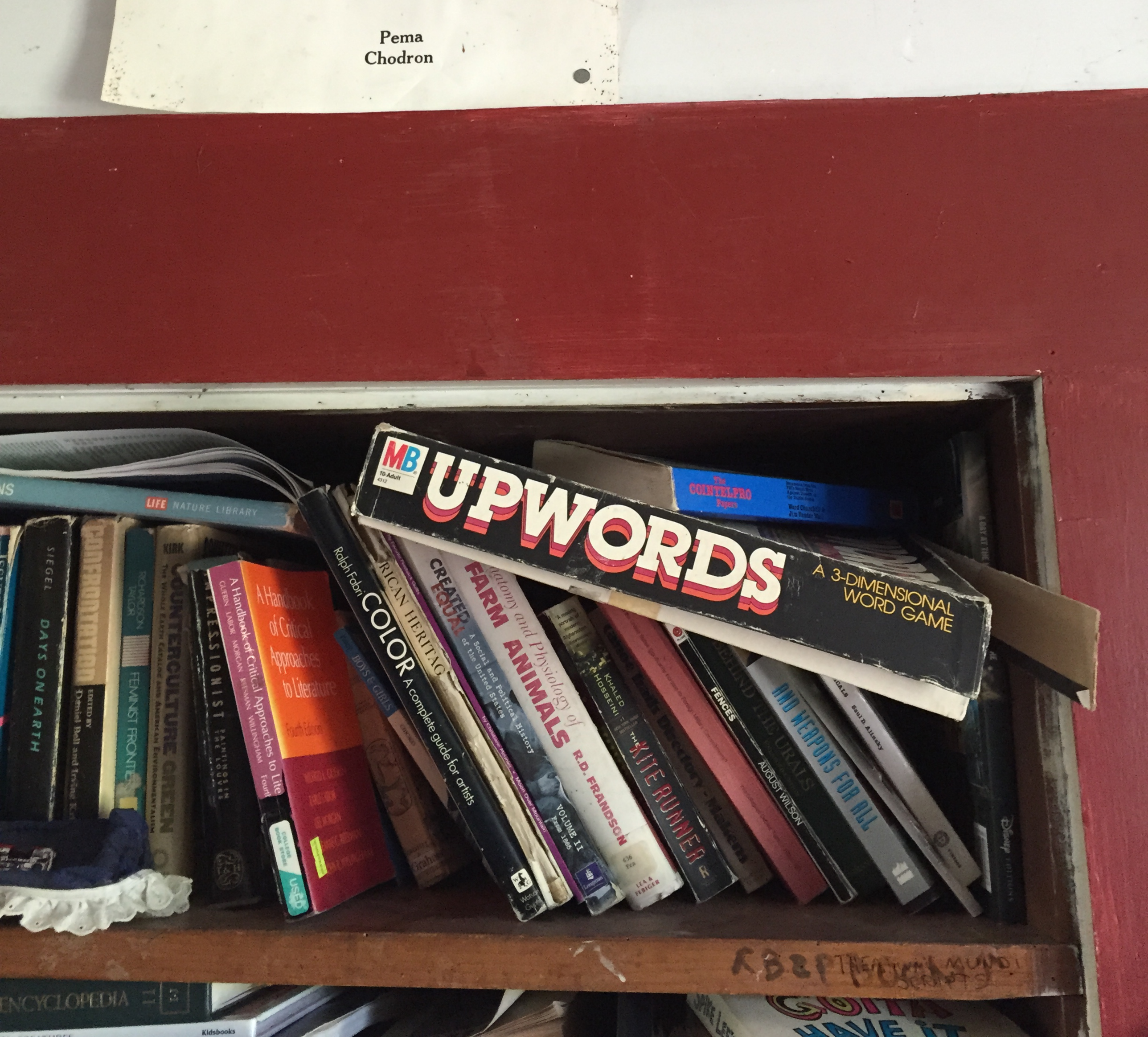
RATHER: they will seek out someone who will faithfully help them RISK THEMSELVES so that they may endure the suffering and pass courageously through it, thus making of it "A raft that leads to the far shore."

Only to the extent that we
EXPOSE OURSELVES
OVER and OVER again
to annihilation
can that which is
INDESTRUCTIBLE
arise within us.

In THIS lies the

DIGNITY
OF
DARING!

Pema
Chodron



NOT OPEN
TO PUBLIC.

THE WEEK

mon: the 24th

9:30 PACO
-NIGHT-

DAY OFF

Plainfield
7pm B+P
EXHIBIT

tues:

CHORES - MORNING
OSCAR - 2-4 PM
STILTS - 4-5 PM

SING 7:30

Q&A - 5 PM

weds:

HAITIAN DRUM/NATURE WALK-
SUN - 7:30 PM (Teresa Movie)

430 PM

thurs:

MOTHER EARTH 2 PM

HAND PUPPET WORKSHOP - 4:30 PM
GEORGIAN SING - 7:30 PM

BAND PRACTICE

fri:

11am MUSEUM TOUR

JUDITH MALINA MEMORIAL - 4 PM
LIVING THEATER - 7:30 PM

Sat:

10 am Oscar run thru
4pm PAGEANT

CIRCUS REHEARSAL - 2 PM
KIDS REHEARSAL - 4 PM

Sun:

MEMORIAL - 6:30 AM
CIRCUS REH. - 10 AM
CIRCUS & PAGEANT - 2 PM

AUCTION - 6 PM!!

SISTER GARDEN

SING

EARTH

NIGHT

AH!

THIS WORLD

WAKE UP

BANNERS
FOR SALE

JUNGLE BOOKS

40 HOW TOs $5

PLANET $15

AN EXISTING BETTER WORLD $15

SHATTERER BOOK display copy

Shatterer Book Peter Schumann Karma

THIS IS THE DISPLAY COPY FOR SALE $18

Photographs and Essays on THE BREAD & PUPPET THEATER

Ronald T. Simon and Marc Estin

Foreword by Grace Paley

Bread & Sentences

Peter Schumann

BREAD & SENTENCES NEW! $15

'Hope' is the thing with feathers

That perches in the soul ★ And sings the tune without the words ★ And never stops - at all - ...

Emily Dickinson

STORY
OF BREAD

THE
WHITE HORSE
BUTCHER


"IT IS THOUGHT THAT MY GREAT GRANDFATHER, JOHN SHERBURNE, CAME TO GLOVER ABOUT 1812. IN 1846 HE BOUGHT THE FARM WHERE JIM AND I SPENT OUR 50 YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE.
"WITH GREAT GRANDFATHER CAME HIS YOUNG WIFE, MARIA. THEY RAISED SEVEN CHILDREN TO ADULTHOOD AND FOR MANY YEARS ALL FARMS FROM THE GREENSBORO ROAD TO SHEFFIELD HEIGHTS CREST WERE HELD BY MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY.
"IN THOSE DAYS THE FARM WAS A WELL-KNOWN STOPPING PLACE FOR LARGE HERDS OF CATTLE THAT WERE DRIVEN TO BOSTON BY MEN ON FOOT. THE DROVERS BROUGHT NEWS AND GOSSIP GATHERED ALONG THE TRAIL. BIG FLOCKS OF TURKEYS AND GEESE WERE ALSO TAKEN THROUGH THE STATE..."
"MY GREAT GRANDFATHER CAME ON THIS FARM IN 1846 SO IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING OUR HOME IS NOT A MODERN ONE. AS EACH NEW GENERATION CAME ALONG IT MADE CHANGES: ONE ADDING SOMETHING NEW AND ANOTHER REMOVING THE OLD..."
NEW HAMPSHIRE-VERMONT BREEDING ASSOCIATION
NEW HAMPSHIRE-VERMONT ASSOCIATION
THE DOPP FARM
Daisy and Jim Dopp owned this farm for 50 years, until 1970.
Daisy often wrote of her experiences and life on this farm in articles for local newspapers, some excerpts of which are presented here.


EVERYTHING
IS FINE
I.U.W.V.


WOW!

JANUS PRESS BROADSIDES — not for sale

HIGH QUALITY [illegible] KARL SCHWARZ musician-accordionist in MANY Bread Circus in the past. prints are $20 each.

Bread and Puppet Photographs


EPHEMERA
&
BARGAIN BIN
25

STREET-DRAGON

MADE 1965 IN SOUTH BRONX, NY
WITH LOCAL KIDS


Ne Pas
Fumer
EXIT


BOX

NSA


the BREAD HOUSE


BREAD&PUPPET
Vermont
DGG 628


2500

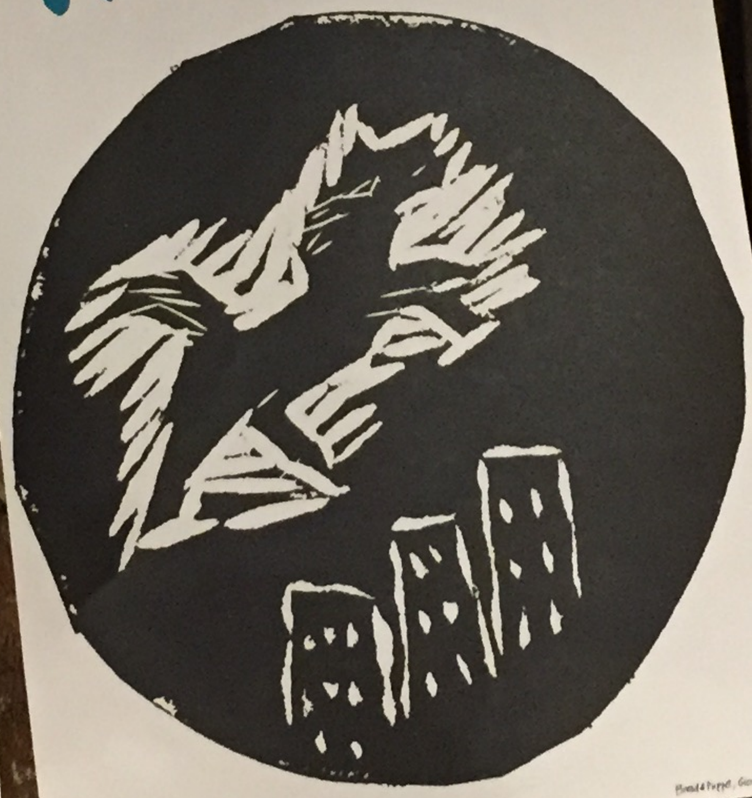

TOYOTA
2500


TOYOTA
2500


BREAD
FARM
OTTER CREEK
CHOUX
FHR 196

POSSIBILITARIANS OVERUNITE

DIVORCE CAPITAL FROM LIFE



SWIMMERS AGAINST THE ECONOMIC TIDE